TRAMPING IN ARRAN

BY

TOM S. HALL

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"WHERE THE TIDE CREEPS IN TO THE FEET OF THE HILLS"

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TRAMPING IN ARRAN

A FELLOWSHIP HOLIDAY

BY

TOM S. HALL

Author of "RAMBLES NEAR GLASGOW"

FOREWORD

BY

The Rt. Hon. CHARLES P. TREVELYAN, M.P.

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TO

ALL MOUNTAIN LOVERS

CAEILTE—LAY OF ARRAN

ARRAN of the many stags—the sea impinges on her very shoulders ! An island in which whole companies were fed—and with ridges among which blue spears were reddened ! Skittish deer are on her pinnacles, soft blackberries upon her waving heather ; cool water there is upon her rivers, and mast upon her russet oaks ! Greyhounds there were in her, and beagles ; blaeberries and sloes of the blackthorn ; dwellings with their backs set close against her woods, and the deer fed scattered by her oaken thickets ! A crimson crop grew on her rocks, in all her glades a faultless grass ; over her crags affording friendly refuge, leaping went on and fawns were skipping ! Smooth were her level spots—her wild swine they were fat ; cheerful her fields (this is a tale that may be credited), her nuts hung on her forest hazels' boughs, and there was sailing of long galleys past her ! Right pleasant their condition all when the fair weather sets in ; under her rivers' brinks trouts lie ; the seagulls wheeling round her grand cliff answer one the other—at every fitting time delectable is Arran !

—By CAEILTE—the ancient Ossianic bard—in Lyra Celtica. P. Geddes, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, 1896.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH
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FOREWORD

IT is many years since I was in Arran, for two days. The clouds never lifted from the mountain tops to show me the full glory of the Island. But I walked over the passes just under the mist, and I think Glen Sannox looked more magnificent and grim than it would have done in the clearness of sunshine.

But that is the best of an energetic holiday. You are not at the mercy of the weather. Battling with rain, and wind, and discomfort has its reward; and to find your way over a mountain in the mist with a Bartholomew map and a compass is a fine game. Still, we all need a share of good weather, which this summer (1927) is said to have been the reward only of those who went to the West of Scotland. Arran in good weather must be a grand place for a Fellowship Holiday. It has mountains, moor and sea. There is

no escape into laziness. Everything invites to cheerful and vigorous expeditions. A week or a fortnight of tramping, boating and swimming, with evenings of talk and argument and song, will send back many refreshed for the town fogs of autumn. New friends, new memories, new scenes is what the Holiday Fellowship offers. Somehow, in such scenery as Arran, new companionships are easily made. For it isn't true that "only man is vile." The best of man, and woman, too, comes out in the presence of the unchanging grandeur of peaks and restless waves.

CHARLES TREVELYAN.

PREFACE

"I dreamt I saw the Arran hills again,
Heather, green woods, waves breaking on the shore,
An old farm kitchen, with a grey stone floor;
The cattle in the fields, the stacks of peat;
Bracken, and bramble blossom—O, how sweet
How dear to me that vision!
I saw the fishers hauling in their "take,"
The water drip, like silver in the sun,
A steamer, with the sea-birds in her wake—
And then came friends . . . . . ."

SO have I been dreaming during the long winter nights, and this dreaming has led me to write what is now set out as food for your dreams. For a number of years I have made my pilgrimages to Arran, for "A voice calls on me from the mountain depths and it must be obeyed." Three, and sometimes four, visits each year, and with each visit my love of its everchanging beauty has increased. In my earlier visits I slept beneath the stars with but a tent for covering, and, occasionally, I spent a more conventional holiday under a roof. Then the Holi-

day Fellowship came to the island, and henceforth it became my base in all my wanderings.

Many able men in the past have described the island from various points of interest, but in my writings I do not presume to approach their style or knowledge. I am just a tramp, and as a tramp I write. I try to tell you of my impressions as I wander through the glens or scramble among the heights. I have delved into many of the books dealing with the island, spending many happy hours in their company, and this knowledge I shall pass on to you in my descriptions of the excursions. If I miss out some point regarding island history or legend which you consider important, please remember that it is essentially a book for trampers. You will not go wrong with the excursions if you follow the directions properly —that I am sure of.

Knowing that there are many others who share with me that love of Arran, and knowing that few are so fortunate as I am in being able to pay such frequent visits to the island, I feel that this book will come as a welcome reminder of those happy care-free days on the hills of Arran. How refreshing, when describing the holiday to a friend, to be able to read

the account of the actual excursion, adding your own anecdotes from time to time.

Although there are many who will welcome this book as a souvenir of their Lamlash holiday, there are also very many who will find in these pages the information they require before undertaking the adventure of this island holiday.

TOM S. HALL.

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PART I.

INTRODUCING ARRAN AND THE GUEST HOUSE

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat.
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
And the pool is clear for travel wearied feet.

. . . . . .

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
Soughing through the fir tops up on northern fells.
Oh, my eyes an ache to see the brown burns flowing
Through the peaty soil and heather bells.

ADA SMITH—*The Open Road.*

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With azure strove and green

. . . . . .

Such was the enchanting scene.

—"*The Lord of the Isles.*"

SUCH is the enchanting scene as the traveller sails into the West from Ardrossan pier across to Brodick Bay. Approaching ever nearer is the island which will be your home for the next week or fortnight, and no matter how you intend spending your leisure, Arran will readily cater for you. The geologist may spend many happy days among the hills and glens, just as Bryce did. His interest and attachment to the island can best be judged by his book entitled, "The Geology of Arran." Landsborough, the botanist, loved the wildness of this island and spent many holidays hunting for floral specimens. Those who wish to peep behind the curtain of the island's history and learn something of its folk lore should include "The East of Arran" and "Arran of the Bens, the Glens and the Brave" in their luggage, and in the company of one or other of these books, visit some of the historical places.

That well known Glasgow tramper, Hugh Macdonald, described only one excursion to Arran, but, unfortunately,

his association was short. We find that books have been written for the botanist and for the geologist, but nothing, so far, exclusively for the tramper. Here, then, comes the opportunity of this book, but before proceeding with the excursions through the glens and over the bens it is well that you should know something of Arran both geographical and historical.

Geographical Notes.

The Isle of Arran, in the Firth of Clyde, forms part of the county of Bute. It is situated in the mouth of the widening firth, being separated by the Kilbrannan Sound from the peninsula of Kintyre, a distance of six miles. On the east is the Ayrshire coast, about 13 miles distant. The island of Bute, on the north, is five miles distant. The greatest length is from the Cock of Arran on the north to the Struey Rocks on the south, a distance of 26 miles; and the greatest breadth is 12 miles, from Clauchlands Point to Drumadoon Point. Its general shape is like a bean indented in places by bays. The largest indentation is Lamlash Bay, which is bounded by the Clauchlands Point and King's Cross Point, and sheltered by the Holy Isle. Loch Ranza, on the north-west, is the smallest bay, while Brodick has the finest situation.

The island is divided into two parishes; Kilbride on the east and Kilmory on the west, but it is topographically divided into five districts—Brodick, Lamlash, Southend, Shiskine and Loch Ranza. The north end of the island is composed of grim and towering peaks and deep wild glens, while the south end is rolling upland

and pasture land. These peaks constitute the crowning glory of Arran, and are, perhaps, the main reason why so many people are attracted year after year.

The island boasts of three castles—Loch Ranza (in ruins), Kildonan (in ruins) and Brodick Castle. There was also a castle at Lamlash at one time, at Whitehouse, but practically all trace has now vanished.

The Arran roads are narrow, winding and interesting. The most important is that which follows the coast line right round the island, a distance of 56 miles. Some there are who like to boast that they have walked it in one day ; many there are who have done it in two days, while the popular length of time for this undertaking is three days. I have not accomplished this feat, but I have walked from Catacol to Machrie and then hired a conveyance across to Brodick, from which place I walked back to Catacol by way of Corrie and Glen Chalmadale—all in the one day. Few roads cross the island. There is the String road from Brodick to Machrie and another road from Lamlash to Sliddery.

Historical Notes.

The early history of the island is very vague and almost unknown. We read the tales of how Fingal and his giants lived here, and we also read of the men of the Stone Age living in the wild glens and by the shores, but all this is very vague indeed, so vague that it might be accepted as legend. The Celts were early inhabitants and were subdued by the Norwegians who held the land until defeated at the Battle of Largs in 1265. In the early part of the 14th century, Bruce made history in

the island, and then throughout the centuries, little is heard of Arran except for Cromwell's men holding the castle.

Brodick Castle is the only inhabited castle on the island and is occupied by the owner of the estate. The history of this castle goes back many centuries. During the invasion of Haco the castle was reduced by the Norwegians and was rebuilt by James, the High Steward of Scotland. Bruce took the castle by force from the English, and from the turrets watched for the beacon lights at Turnberry. From this date onward the castle appeared to change hands often and was often burned to the ground and rebuilt up to the time of the '45, when the castle and estate was possessed by the Duke of Hamilton. From that date onwards the island was left in a state of tranquility and nothing of historical import has since been enacted there.

In the eighteenth century many improvements were introduced into the conditions of farming on the island. We are told that the tutors of the Duke of Hamilton (a minor at the time) engaged a Mr. John Birrell to effect improvements, " to re-set the tacks, and to advise the measures to be adopted for improvement and to direct the operations resolved on." A man of outstanding ability, Mr. Birrell effected many changes, some of which were the cause of many evictions from farms. About 500, mostly from Sannox, were sent away to North America.

Pennant, in his book dealing with Arran, tells us that the people of Arran are hospitable to strangers. This, I firmly believe to be the case at the present day. After my many visits to Arran, I can, with sure conviction, say that they are a very warm-hearted people.

Arran alters little. Being entirely a " pleasure island" no smoking chimneys pollute the air. It is impossible for the railways to bring commercialism and, although the motor car has found its way there, the position of Arran does not allow motor charabancs to come flocking from other places. The roads of Arran would be a nightmare if this state of affairs came to pass. Arran is unspoiled and has been handed to us out of the pages of history without much alteration.

The Guest House.

The Guest House of the Holiday Fellowship, " Altachorvie," is situated at Lamlash, on the hillside above the shore road. Coming from the boat, you turn to the right by the shore past the Brodick road to the letter-box at Gortonjockey. Here is the entrance gate to the drive. The house name is said to mean " The Burn of the Corrie " or " The House by the Wood." The latter name is more fitting, but the first definition would appear to be the true meaning of the word. The house is of comparatively modern structure and was purchased by the Holiday Fellowship from the Arran estate who had used it as a shooting lodge. Prior to that the house was occupied by Mrs. Allan with whom the present gardener served for a time.

At one period the first wife of H. H. Asquith, Esq., lived here, and it was at Altachorvie she died. Her body is interred in the Kilbride Churchyard which is quite near to the Guest House. The road to this churchyard leads off the Lamlash-Brodick road just up from the village at Woodhead. The burying-ground clusters

round the old ruins of Kilbride chapel, long since roofless and now used to shelter the souls of the departed who are buried between its walls. One bright autumn day I stood within the church and was vastly entertained by a blue tit who showed itself off for my special delight without any sense of fear. What a hideous contrast to the age-worn stones is the red brick lean-to built inside the church. Could not the powers that be have built their shed in a more appropriate part of the cemetery?

The Ghost.

Altachorvie boasts a ghost—so I am told, but so far I have not yet seen this nocturnal visitant. I have done all I could to coax it out or cause it to wail by singing "McNamara's Band" out of tune, but even that has not been successful. Speaking to friends in the village, they scoff at the idea and say that such a thing has never been heard of, and I really think that headquarters should seriously take the matter in hand and see that a proper ghost is provided. There is no doubt that in the dim future the house *will* possess a ghost in the form of a disconsolate tramper in heavy boots who stumps from room to room dragging numberless heavy rucksacks and ringing the dinner-bell with a slow rhythmic toll.

PART II.

ORGANISED EXCURSIONS

The wanderlust is, perhaps, the most precious of all the troublesome appetites of the soul of man. It makes him keep in his cupboard a friendly old suit of comfortable wear that has paled under the fervent eye of the sun, and been matured by dust and mud and rain, and with that, a pair of honest boots nailed like the oak door of an ancient keep, which of themselves direct one's way o'er moor and fell and bog and by-path, away from the offence and clamour of cars and trains ; it saves his soul from being lost in the vain attempt to keep itself alive by indulging in the vices of the smart or the flashy inanities of those to whom the jewels of life are paste or glass ; it keeps his windows open to the winds of heaven and his heart to the song of birds.

—The Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
in *Wanderings and Excursions.*

INTRODUCTION

" Among the hills a hundred homes have I ;
My table in the wilderness is spread ;
In these lone spots one honest smile can buy
Plain fare, warm welcome, and a rushy bed."

THOSE who spend two weeks' holiday at the Holiday Fellowship Guest House, Lamlash, will participate in the eight organised excursions to be detailed in the pages that follow. The tramps have been written in such a manner, however, that parties of trampers outwith the Fellowship should find no difficulty in finding the trail. In fact, the country in the north of Arran is of such a type that the experienced tramper, armed with a one-inch map, should find it difficult to become lost. On the rolling uplands of the south, however, the way is not so easily found, but, provided the mist does not descend, the sea is always there as a guide, and, although you may not strike the path you hoped for, you will be sure of reaching some habitation ere long.

A good map is essential to the tramper, particularly the leader of the party, and the one to be recommended for this district is the special map of Arran, 1 inch to the mile, issued by the Ordnance Survey.

It is worth while quoting the remarks of R. L. S. regarding maps. He says, " I am told there are people who do not care for maps and find it hard to believe. The names, the shapes of the woodlands, the courses of the rivers and roads, the prehistoric footsteps of man still distinctly traceable uphill and down dale, the mills and the ruins, the ponds and the ferries, perhaps the

standing stone of the Druidic Circle on the heath : here is an inexhaustible fund of interest for any man with eyes to see or twopence worth of imagination to under stand with."

After a number of years of tramping, it is difficult to understand how one *could* go a-wandering without the precious map. There is another point upon which all walkers, particularly those who are new to the game, should bear in mind, that is the question of dress, and the most important item of dress is—Boots. For the rough walking on Arran boots are advisable, but, because of that, the inexperienced should not purchase a heavy pair of nailed boots just before the holiday and feel that nothing more is required. Alas, this poor mortal would suffer agonies with chafed and blistered feet, and ere the first day was through would imagine the boots weighed a ton. Buy the boots with care; low, sturdy and wide heels, soft leather uppers, and nailed in such a way that the nails do not come through inside the boot. After the purchase, keep them well oiled, " walking in " the oil as often as possible. Wear the boots as often as possible before the holiday and by so doing you will not suffer any distress. Remember, too, that clean socks or stockings help to prevent blisters and soreness. When on tramp always wear your oldest clothes ! They are most serviceable and won't spoil ! ! No need to worry then about bogs or water or rain or anything ! ! Forget that collars and umbrellas ever existed, and if you must carry a hat be sure you keep it in your pocket or rucksack all day.

TO ARRAN'S MIGHTIEST WATERFALL

Whoever you are, come forth, or man or woman come forth. You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though you built it, or though it has been built for you.

—*Walt Whitman.*

EXTRACT FROM LAMLASH "GREEN BOOK."

Monday—Glen Ashdale and Whiting Bay—Walking distance, 12 miles. The track is from Monamore Glen over the moors and down Glen Ashdale Burn to Whiting Bay. Return by main road or (a mile farther) by King's Cross Point and the shore.

THE two outstanding features of this excursion are (1) the almost limitless expanse of sea as viewed from the southern uplands of the island, and (2) the awe-inspiring wonder of the double fall of the Glen Ashdale waterfall, "where the burn draps in faem o'er the brown breasted steep."

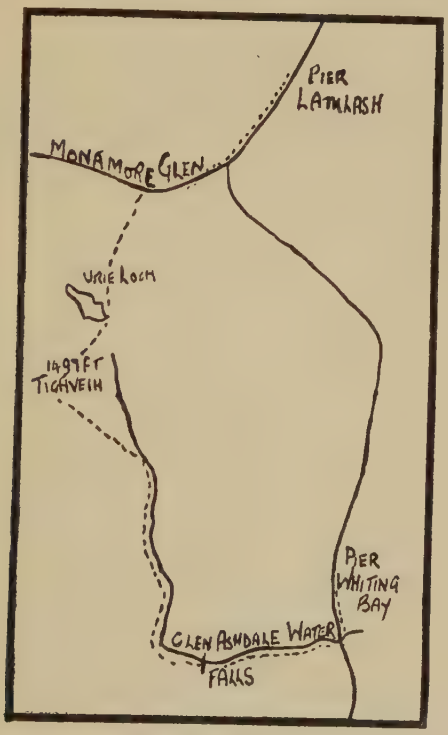
We shall commence this excursion by following the road through the village passing the old harbour. Quoting from the "Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland," we find that "Duchess Ann, who seems to have been a woman of superior capacity, caused a harbour to be built of large quadrangular blocks of sandstone. We may form some idea of the magnitude and solidity of this work when informed that it cost £2,913 10s. 5d. sterling, at a time

when masons' wages are said to have been 8d., and labourers' wages 4d. per day." "It is a great pity," says Headrick, "this building was allowed to be demolished. This harbour has now nearly disappeared; a great part of the stone having been carried off to build the new quay, a few hundred yards to the north, and the sand has buried a part." This "new quay" has now been superseded by the large wooden pier. Small vessels, such as coal lighters, still use the old pier. The reference to coal lighters brings to mind the problem of bringing coal to the island. It is often the custom for a small community on the island to co-operate and order a load of coal from the mainland. This is delivered by a lighter which steams to the locality and anchors at full tide as near inshore as possible. At low tide the vessel is beached high and dry, when work commences with a will. Carts are backed to the side of the vessel and filled in a primitive manner from a basket operated by a windlass. If possible the unloading is done before the next tide and it is no uncommon sight to see the horses splashing through the rising water. In fact, the start is made before the boat is completely high and dry.

Passing through the village, we shall come to the road junction at the Monamore Mill. At this point the route varies according to the leader. Some will follow the Whiting Bay road for a short distance before striking on to the moorland, but my way is to follow up Monamore Glen for a short distance, as shown on the rough sketch map. A sparkling hill stream gurgles its course by the wayside where the delicate tinted bluebells nod their heads in May and the brambles hang juicy and sweet in early October.

STUDY THE CONTOURS.

On the left the ramparts of the southern uplands rise to over 1300 feet, and as you have to scale these heights you do well to study the contours. The map shows a path over these moorlands right to Kilmory, but don't



even try to find this path. Just make your own. This old road, now almost lost, is where the Giant Scorri met the women bringing their butter and eggs to Lamlash.

The women, frightened at his awful appearance, dropped their wares and fled for dear life, whereupon the wily old giant gathered up the baskets and retired to his cave in Glen Scorradale to enjoy his feast at leisure. But the men of Arran eventually rose up against him and slew him in his own Glen (*See* page 192 " East of Arran "). so that you need have no fear that some fearsome monster will come and steal your rucksack !

Soon after the glen road starts climbing you should take to the moorlands on the left and follow one of the hill streams. You will observe how two streams are lined with trees ; follow the burn on the right-hand until you top the first rise.

The way is now less steep, as you are faced with long sloping uplands, culminating in the ridge, beyond which is the plateau containing the eerie Urie Loch. As you climb make for the shoulder on the left of the ridge and, having topped this, you should be in sight of the Urie Loch, a grey and lovely stretch of water cradled in a dimple of the moorlands. The meaning of the name, Urie Loch, is given by Rev. Duncan M'Nicol, of Lochranza, as the " Loch of the Yew Trees," whereas another writer gives it as " The Loch of Brown Water." Both writers were considered authorities on the matter but the meaning " Yew Trees " in a place so bleak and treeless seems inappropriate, while the meaning " Brown Water" seems a weak definition. However, we must leave it at that, content with the knowledge that there is so very much of real interest in the ramble.

From the loch continue south until you obtain a view of the wide moorlands. Little more than a quarter of a mile away in a south-westerly direction you see Tighvein,

Photo by Dr. John Campbell, Cathcart

LOOKING TO CIR MHOR AND THE CASTLES FROM GOAT FELL SUMMIT

1497 feet, the highest point on the south end of the island. Make this point your next objective, wading through the heather. What a view is everywhere unfolded! The mainland, partly screened in the haze of distance, appears to mingle with the waters stretching from the nearby shore of the island. Lamlash and the Holy Isle are set out like a relief map and all around is a sea of heather. Across the moor in the direction of Holy Island you will see the Loch NaLearg within the depths of which a great monster lived at one time. It had the skin of a seal and the bill of a sea goose and was in the habit of attacking any one who came too close. Once again, you need not be afraid for the monster died many long years ago.

Watch for the Post.

From the summit of Tighvein you work in a south-easterly direction, taking for your guide a post stuck on an eminence. Having reached this, you are looking down to Glen Ashdale. It is the one and only glen leading down to Whiting Bay, and you can quite easily follow its course from being just an impression on the moorland to where it becomes a densely wooded ravine.

Having crossed the moorland to the Glen Ashdale Burn, you now traverse by its side a wonderful region. Heather and bracken, sudden falls and unexpected bends in the gully and then comes the crowning experience of the day—Glen Ashdale Falls. The path brings you to a platform in the pine woods at a point where the stream makes its first and awful plunge. Striking a ledge, the water leaps again into space to the bottom of the glen, far, far below.

On the high ground above this fall the Longheads, a tribe of men who lived in the Stone Age, built their settlement and buried their dead in the funeral cairns of Glen Ashdale.

This glorious glen is worthy of Switzerland. The deep sides of the gorge clothed to the top with pine trees form a setting that is in full accord with the thunder of the fall. First, you should stand on the platform on the northern side, and then, retracing your steps, cross the stream above the fall and approach from the south side where you can peep into its depths. The next impression is to descend to the foot of the gorge and explore right to the black chasm where the water falls. There is a roar of thunder and a rhythmic swish of battalions of water dashing on the stones. The rocks round about have the blackness of night upon them, accentuating the white foam of the waters touched here and there by the sun. All is dark around. Rocks lie glistened with a wet veneer of spray. Ferns hang their fronds from perilous rocks, and the deep, black pool is suggestive of night, even when noon is its brightest elsewhere.

On either side of the glen a path leads back to Whiting Bay. The south side path is through the woodlands high above the stream, while the north path hugs the burn. Both ways are muddy and dirty, but after the moorland, you won't much care.

At Whiting Bay village you have the choice of returning to Lamlash by steamer or motor or you may walk by the road or King's Cross Point. The latter route would be rather strenuous after the walking already done, but after being refreshed by a cup of tea,

the walk in the gloaming back to Lamlash by the road will be something to remember. The crimson tipped peaks and the eerie quiet of the moorlands fast slipping into a vague blackness help to make up a scene you will treasure for many a long day.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

—*By John Masefield, in "Poems of To-day," Sedgwick and Jackson.*

That is another tramp finished, another record for the storehouse of happy memories.

To-night, after dinner, take "East of Arran" from the book shelves and read about the giants (Page 19-62). This is ground you have traversed to-day.

OVER THE MOORS FROM DRUMADOON

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.
—*Wm. Blake* (1757-1827).

EXTRACT FROM LAMLASH "GREEN BOOK."

Tuesday.—West Coast, Drumadoon and King's Cave. Walking distance, 14 miles. Party divides. Party "A" motoring forward to Blackwaterfoot, returning on foot. Party "B" reverse.

ONE evening a party of us gathered for a "crack" about Arran.

"How did you enjoy the tramp over the hills to Drumadoon, Peggy?" I asked.

"It was grand."

"Which way did you go?"

"Up Monamore Glen and then over the moorland, but I couldn't tell you the route because the mist came down and we were lost!"

Nevertheless it was "a grand walk" in spite of mist, but I won't describe such a walk as that, although it would bring many a reminiscent chuckle from my readers. It would be better for me to journey by motor to Blackwaterfoot and describe the journey home from there over the hills to Lamlash.

The motor run from Lamlash to Blackwaterfoot is

full of interest and delight all the way. Through the village, and then up the road for Whiting Bay, where such a commanding view of the Holy Isle is obtained. Then, after a backward glance at the peaks surrounding Goat Fell, you descend to Whiting Bay. Beyond the long, straggling street that constitutes the village you will soon be passing through Dippen and heading for Kildonan with its old ruined castle. In a dark recess in the vicinity of Dippen Head there is said to be the entrance of a subterranean passage to the mainland and it is also told (in a whisper, mark you !) that the plaintive howl of a dog and the distant skirl of the pibroch is heard o' nights by fishermen and others blessed (or cursed) with a grand imagination. Well, well, it is daylight as we pass and the sun ought to be shining, so I doubt you will not hear the pipes. Of course, you might think you hear something resembling a piper, but be careful how you express your thoughts to the others.

You will see Pladda Island, off Kildonan, as you follow the south coast road to Sliddery, after which a final five miles of superb seascapes brings you to the little place of Blackwaterfoot, which might aptly be called Backwaterfoot.

The lazy part of the day is ended, but ere starting on the more strenuous duties of the day an easy going stroll is indulged in, just to bring the leg muscles into play. Drumadoon and the King's Caves is the immediate objective. The places are near at hand and directions are unnecessary. If you wish, you can ask your way from the policeman on point duty !

The promontory of Drumadoon shall be the first place to visit. Regarding the geology of the cliffs,

Bryce says, "The porphyry of the cliff is in columnar forms, the pentagon being the prevailing figure, and there are irregular flat jointings; the pillars are from 1 to 2 feet on the side, and the height 80 or 100 feet at the middle or highest part of the precipice; the entire height being about 230 feet."

The rounded ridge of Drumadoon was at one time a fort and a sanctuary. Martin in "Western Islands" says—"of old it was a sanctuary, and whatever number of men or cattle could get within were secured from the assaults of enemies, the place being privileged by universal consent." Traces of the walls are still visible and show that it must have been a place of great strength and capable of harbouring a large number of people. "With a sufficient supply of water," says Headrick, "it might be rendered impregnable."

Drumadoon headland provides a wonderful range of colour and scenery in its wide embracing view—a glorious stretch of sea in front and rich fields of brown rolling uplands behind. Quite near we see Shiskine, all spick and span, while at the foot of the rocks below, the Atlantic booms its continuous arrival.

From the promontory a path leads down through the boulder-strewn beach of many ages ago to the King's Cave—the home of Fingal and the refuge of Bruce, as well as the meeting-place of smugglers. What tales those walls could tell—but they won't.

There is a story that a son was born to Fingal the Giant in this cave, and that this son is said to have left a footprint on the side of the cave measuring more than 2 feet (linear) in length. If his build was in proportion to those feet, Mr. Headrick has worked it out

that this child was 70 or 80 feet high ! !—and it must be remembered that the child was only a day old when the impression was made. Now, assume that the proud father was four times the height of the child, Fingal *pere* must have been over 300 feet high ! !

After landing at Lochranza, and prior to seizing Brodick Castle, the Royal Bruce is said to have resided in one of these caves. Possibly his fleet found shelter in Loch Ranza while he and his retinue found good lodging in the caves.

So many pens have described the formation, etc., of the caves that I will content myself by quoting from one of these only. Mackenzie MacBride says, "The roof is arched, and the place lofty and spacious, and on the walls are primitive drawings of dogs and horses engaged in the chase, probably dating from prehistoric times and, according to tradition, intended to represent Fion." The cave is 120 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth and 50 feet high. One of the Drumadoon caves was used for many years by Mr. Peter Craig as a school, turning out many good scholars.

Now we must turn our backs on these caves, once the home of Fingal, the camp of Bruce, and the stronghold of the smuggler. Ay, the smugglers. Many's the tale that the south coast of Arran could tell of fights with the excisemen. The duty was heavy on whisky, and as a man must live the whisky had to be made, and made it was in many a wee clachan, and never a penny of duty paid.

If you will spread out your 1-inch map of Arran we will trace out together the route we shall follow, because we are going to walk to Lamlash from Druma-

doon—and not by the String road. First of all, find the King's Cave and then look for the Ross Hill, on the north side of the Monamore Glen road, between the seventh and eighth milestones. Draw a line between these two places and you have the route you should take. What do we find along this line? There is the hill of Tormore, the highest point of the surrounding country. Then comes Shiskine and the Blackwater flowing out of the Clauchan Glen, a deserted place that leads to the hill lands and the Monamore Glen.

From the top of Tormore hill you will see across the wide heath to the standing stones of Machrie Moor. Should you wish to visit these relics of long dead ages, descend the hill on the north side, to the farmhouse of Tormore on the main road by the letter-box. Quite near the farm, a path going east leads to the ancient monoliths. Standing in a rude circle in the midst of this wide and wild moorland these standing stones present a majestic appearance. Bryce describes at great length the excavations he and his party made, the result of which was to open up an ancient sepulchre which contained an urn—no doubt a funeral urn of some great chief. Further excavations followed, and the conclusion arrived at was that in reality these stone circles were cemeteries of some ancient community.

To the north of the circles the Machrie burn flows to the sea. Follow this stream towards the hills as far as the woodlands, and then strike east over the moorlands when you will soon come to the road. Turning south, you will have to walk a little over a mile before you come to the Black Water. If you have not visited the standing stones, you will cross the moor to the east from

the top of Tormore Hill. By following this route you will come to the Machrie-Blackwaterfoot road and, nearby the United Free Church, you turn to the left along the road going east to Shiskine. Crossing the Black Water, you come to the Brodick road and by turning to the left you pass through Shiskine village and so to the bridge over the Black Water, where the road bends round sharply to the left. Hereabouts there are two old hill paths leading over to the Sliddery water. One path leads off the road by the church at Ballygown and crosses the southern slopes of Beinn Tarsuinn and comes out on the Sliddery road by the bridge, about midway between the farms of Burican and Bennecarrigan. Maps of fifty or sixty years ago show this as a road, but it has long since lost the right to be called as such, and now it has difficulty in keeping up the name of a track. This shall not be our route to-day, but, instead, we shall try to follow out the other track that branches off the road along the Black Water at the bridge already mentioned. Going in an easterly direction, you follow the line of the stream right up to and over the watershed. After a short distance the path leads over the stream to lose itself at no great distance in an old quarry. You will lead on up the stream and follow the second tributary on the right. In this manner, you will lead over the watershed and will soon strike the head waters of Ben Lister Glen, which will lead you down to Lamlash through a wild, delightful country.

Although the greatest height achieved in this tramp is not more than 1000 feet you will find the day quite strenuous because of the rough heather walking. Undoubtedly you will vote it a good day.

THE MOUNTAIN OF WIND: GOATFELL, 2866 FEET

I've traversed many a mountain strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam.

—"*The Lord of the Isles.*"

LAMLASH "GREEN BOOK" DESCRIPTION.

Thursday.—Motor to Brodick, thence take coast road round the bay and through the woods of Brodick Castle, by track to summit. Descend round Meall Bheag and follow the stream to Corrie, walking back to Brodick by way of Merkland Point. The round is 12 miles. Motor home. A shorter route excluding the climb can be arranged.

THERE is the day's march set out for you in the baldest language. It is the walk you came to Arran for. At Ardrossan pier the hill called to you; at Brodick pier it mocked you, and each day since, it has challenged you. To-day is *the* day. We shall do or die.

It would be folly to estimate this tramp by the

number of miles quoted in the book. Twelve miles? Why, such a distance by road is but a pleasant saunter, but the same distance over bog, rock and heather is an entirely different matter.

Some folks are inclined to think we place too great a stress on heavy boots, but I can assure you that there is every need for this precaution. All those who have tried the game know what is wanted, but any one who has never seen anything worse than a muddy lane on a stormy night has no conception. Boots are preferable to shoes because of the added support to the ankles. It is a fallacy to think that you won't get your feet wet if you wear boots. You can be sure that if you go off the beaten track you will finish up wet footed no matter how you are shod. I remember stepping into a bog in Glen Rosa this summer and sinking up to my middle! Even waders would have been useless then. In fact, nothing short of a diving suit can keep out the moisture. Recently I was tramping over Kinder Scout in Derbyshire, under the leadership of Dr. Rice Evans, and his advice at the commencement of the tramp was to jump in the stream and deliberately immerse your feet. Mad, I know, but you would be surprised how much relieved in mind you will be. There is now no need to worry about getting your feet wet—they are wet. Those who are no longer young in mind will shake their heads over this, but let me quote from David Grayson for their benefit—"My sober friend, have you ever tried to do anything that the world at large considers not quite sane? Try it! It is easier to commit a crime!"

Now for the excursion. The motor car will carry you to Brodick over the wonderful moorland road you

will walk along as the introductory to the Clauchland Hills ramble. To-day, you speed over the same road at a great rate, but in lifting your eyes from things at hand you may dwell upon the summit of Goat Fell—the hill of the winds. Perhaps a fat white cloud is slowly moving to take a rest on the sharp summit, and perhaps upon landing the delicate fabric of the cloud is pierced, allowing the rocks to peep through above. There are two definitions as to the meaning of Goat Fell. One informant says it is the Hill of the Goats, so named because of the goats that at one time grazed there. It is more likely that the name is a corruption of the Gaelic "Gaodh Bhein" or "Ben Ghaoil," meaning "The Hill of the Winds."

The commencement of the ascent is through the woods of Brodick Castle and then on to the moorland, bogs and heather. Later on, nearer the top, the going is firmer, as you are on the bare rock, and then, finally, at the summit, you are in the midst of a wild, chaotic tumble of rocks. The mist often clings to the top of the Goat Fell when the remainder of the island is clear, so do not be disappointed if the view is obscured at the actual summit. It is possible you may have mist for two or three hundred feet and that it may rain all day. These are hazards in the game which you must take as being part of the job. Look upon the climb as an adventure, being prepared to conquer no matter what comes. The first time I climbed Goat Fell was before the Fellowship came to the island. My friend and myself spent the night in a bivouac in the woods above the Castle and then the next morning hiked across the shoulder of the hill until we were looking down on Corrie. We then

dumped our kit in the heather and set our faces for the summit, but, alas, the mist caught us as we were scrambling up out of the Coire nam Meann to the ridge. We managed, however, to reach the top where we stayed a moment or two shivering with the intense cold—but we had conquered and that was enough.

Near the top there is an immense precipice of granite blocks laid on each other as regular as mason work, which is known by geologists as a Cyclopean wall. You must keep to the left until you are clear of the blocks, and are facing a very abrupt steep ; then put your feet in the well-worn footprints, and a few minutes of hard toil will land you safe on the summit of Goat Fell.

If the day is clear a wonderful view is unfolded—an ideal place for a geography lesson. To the north-east you see the two Cumbraes, and behind them, Largs, Wemyss Bay and the Clyde sparkling with white sails, and the hills of Renfrewshire in the background. To the north is Bute and the Kyles nearby surrounding it ; while Ben Lomond, Ben Vorlich and Ben Ledi fill up the distant background. To the north-west, the eye reaches far up Loch Fyne, and round by the Paps of Jura and Islay and Mull. Looking across Ben Nuis (Noosh) down to the Sound of Kilbrannan, you see Campbeltown, and over Kintyre, and if the day is particularly clear, the coast of Ireland. Due south you see Wigtownshire and Ailsa Craig, with Pladda, the Holy Isle and Lamlash in the foreground. Looking east, the eye sweeps round the coast of Ayrshire taking in Ayr, Troon, Irvine and Ardrossan, and, inland, the conical Loudon Hill. East and south-east are the Muirkirk and Cumnock ranges, Cairnsmuir, and the dark mountains between Loch Doon

and Loch Trool, several of which are nearly as high as Goat Fell.

That fills the distant picture, yet there is more at hand to describe.

Another writer describes the scene as "the most terrible congregation of jagged mountain ridges to be seen anywhere in the same compass, and yawning chasms between—all grey, bleak and barren in the extreme." I will not add to that.

You can easily pick out Glen Sannox and Glen Rosa and follow the silver line of the Garbh Allt to the corrie below Ben Nuis. Cir Mhor reaches its wild, ragged head in challenge to the skies as it keeps its immortal watch on the Arran glens.

If suitable, lunch is taken on the top, and those who are new to the Fellowship should take a lesson from the care which is taken to collect any litter. Take the lesson to heart, and whenever out picnicking see that the same rules are applied. If everybody did this, more beauty spots would be open to us.

The descent is to Corrie, which lies, roughly speaking, in a line east of the summit. You climbed up to the summit from the south, but in your descent you should climb down into the Coire nam Meann, which is that deep recess on the east side of Goat Fell. After negotiating the steep boulders into this gully continue out through the wide mouth on to the open moorlands, and by following an easterly direction, you should have no difficulty in finding Corrie. Provided the atmosphere is good it will be comparatively easy to decide your direction. The glens and heights are so deep and well

defined that with the help of your map you can easily see which is the Coire nam Meann.

The final part of the walk is by the shore road to Brodick and then by motor home. Seated at dinner you still feel the glow of the moorland on your face and you feel that your evening prayer should end—

> "And every eve I say,
> Noting my step in bliss,
> That I have known no day
> In all my life like this."

THE HOLY ISLE

" Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles."

EXTRACT FROM THE LAMLASH " GREEN BOOK."

Friday.—To explore Holy Island. Cross by motor boat.

HOLY ISLAND gains its name from being the hermitage of one of the earliest Christian missionaries in Scotland—St. Molios, who was born in A.D. 566, and at the age of 20 retired to the island which was called " Isle-a Molass " or Lamlash Isle. We shall see the cave, tradition says was his home. Molios died in 640. There are inscriptions in Runic letters on the roof, but these have no reference to Molios. The words " Nicolas hann raisti " (Nicolas this engraved) are Norse and probably refer to a Norwegian hermit who dwelt here when the Northeners ruled the Western Isles about 1100 A.D. (*See* Bryce's " Arran," page 136). The route to the island is as described by Boyd Scott in " East of Arran." He sails from Lamlash old pier—so will you. He lands on the island at the little quay below the farm, and so will you. Continuing his narrative, he tells us that in leaving Lamlash we have left what is not Lamlash at all, and on reaching the Holy Isle we have really reached Lamlash. In days long past when St. Molios and his disciples lived on the island, the mainland opposite was inhabited by only a small colony in rude huts. The island was of more importance and was known as Eilan Moloise (Isle of St. Molios) and through time the name developed to Lan Moloise,

BRODICK BAY

Photo by Miss M. Armstrong

FROM ABOVE LAMLASH ROAD

Lawmolach, and so Lamlash—a name later applied to the cluster of habitations on the mainland.

The Holy Isle is 1¾ miles in length and from 3¾ to 5 furlongs in breadth. It is of igneous origin, the rock varying from claystone to compact Felspar or clinkstone. This rocky mass rises from the sea in the shape of an irregular cone to a height of over 1000 feet. There are two summits ; the lesser being Mullach Beag (763 feet), and the greater, Mullach Mhor (1030 feet). From either of these commanding viewpoints, a magnificent panorama of the widening Firth is obtained.

> ". . . I love thee, gentle Clyde,
> For aye, as with a spell,
> Thou bring'st me back the cherished forms
> In mem'ry's haunts to dwell.
> Like sunshine on the distant hills,
> Life's early joys I see ;
> And from the brightness of the past
> I dream what heaven would be."

Lamlash Bay is immediately below, and on a bright day when the sea loch is crowded with shipping the sight is indeed charming. What an impressive view of the Arran peaks is permitted. They stand out in true majesty—a ragged and rugged skyline. Having already scaled some of these heights you wonder how you managed to retain your hold on such dizzy precipices. The black summit of Cir Mhor (Kiar Vor) is gruesome in its suggestion of a daring climb.

To return to the landing-stage once more. Nearby is the farm, the only habitation apart from the lighthouse at the southern extremity, which is connected to the farm by a path. Walking this way you are treading

romantic and historic ground. The stories of St. Molios are many and varied, according to the different writers. Bryce tells us that story as given at the commencement of this chapter, and goes so far as to say it is the correct story. Then you read in the Book of Arran that the Runic characters on the wall of the saint's cave do not refer to Nicolas, a priest of Argyll, but " to a prosaic Norse trader, one Uilaeikr Stallr, which would appear to have as much meaning as 'Bill Stumps His Mark.' " Antiquaries are greatly at variance in accounting for the legend to mediate between whom some irreverent investigator has suggested that the particular " Nicolas," whose handiwork is thus the subject of admiration and contention must have been Auld Nick—the devil himself ! —the inscription having been effected while the hermit slept. The traces of a small cell or monastery, erected apparently in connection with the hermitage by Reginald de Insulis, between 1206 and 1212, and which was in ruins when visited in 1596 by Munro, Dean of the Isles, were till lately to be seen north of the cave. Here, also, was a burying-ground long used as the chief place of interment for Arran, till the loss of life by the upsetting of a boat. The funeral boat was swamped and several persons were drowned. After that the present burial ground of Lamlash was sought out, to which it is said the people were guided by a light which appeared and led them on.

Close to the cave is a pure spring of water—the Saint's Spring—held in high repute for many centuries by the superstitious for its supposed healing qualities.

The story I like most about the saint is that given by Boyd Scott in " The East of Arran." On page 67

is the tale of "St. Molaise and Neil," a tale so restful and yet full of life. How plainly I could follow the hermit's course when he visited the "Nameless One" in Monamore Glen, and what great moral courage was there displayed. You should buy this book, and read it when sitting by the shore near the cave.

So much, then, for history and legend.

I like to look back on the Holy Island excursion as a lazy day. The ships riding at anchor in the bay spelt laziness to me, the atmosphere vibrated heat that danced on the waters. I thought of the strenuous days on the crags and peaks and—I gave in to my laziness. I lingered by the water's edge. I slept a little after the picnic lunch and, later, sat skimming pebbles over the shining sea, for

> "What is this life if full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare,
> No time to stand beneath the boughs
> And stare as long as sheep and cows."

Eventually you must leave the island and once more walk the high road of New Lamlash to the Guest House.

THE FAERIE HILLS

"Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Monday.—Monamore Glen and Glen Cloy. Total walking distance, 10 miles. Route: Through the glen and over the moors to Brisderg, thence down Glen Dubh, passing the mounds believed to be the remains of Bruce's Castle, following stream to Brodick. Return by old road. Return can be made by steamer by those who wish to do so.

THERE is a wild piece of country bounded by the String road, the Lamlash-Brodick road, and the Monamore Glen road, and it is my purpose on this excursion to conduct you across these wilds right through the Faerie Hills. The Sheeans, as these Faerie heights are called on the map, guard the upper end of Glen Cloy, or, to be correct, Gleann Dubh (the black glen) and share the responsibility with another height nearby, called the Crag of the Raven. What a wonderful and wild playground for the faeries this must be, but I think these little folk only come up here on special occasions when they wish to dance to the wind. At other times I think they would not wander so far from what must have been their home—Tornanshiain—in the sheltered Glen Cloy. If you refer to your map you will see a spot marked "Fort: Bruce's Castle." This marks the site of the faeries' mound where they still live,

as far as I know. Nowadays we do not hear so much of their doings, but past generations tell many a tale about them. Ay, and they were not all good faeries either. I am told, in fact, that they are a motley crowd. There are Pookas that take the shape of horses, and Giants and Bogles (or Bogies) and Bleaters, and another single faery called the Hungry One—but enough of this. Let me be away on the tramp and not lingering over such eerie subjects.

As we start on our way we pass the school-house of Lamlash. The stones for this building were taken from the chambered cairn on the farm of Blairmore,* near the base of Dun Fionn. The breaking up of this cairn brings to mind that story of the farmer at Torlin who rifled the cells of one of these cairns and strewed the bones over the field. The story goes on to say that "with daring irreverence he selected one of the largest skulls from the ghastly heap and carried it home with him; but scarcely had he entered his house when its walls were shaken as if struck by a tornado. Again and again the avenging blast swept over his dwelling, though not a sigh of the gentlest breeze was heard in the neighbouring wood. The affrighted victim hastened to re-bury the bones in their desecrated grave, but day and night, shadowy phantoms continued to haunt his mind and track his steps, and a few months after the commission of his rash deed, whilst riding along the high road towards Lag, he was thrown from his horse over a steep embankment, and dashed against the rocks of the stream beneath." It would appear that this tradition was well known in Arran and tended to deepen the

* Macarthur's—"Antiquities of Arran."

feelings of superstitious dread with which these monuments are regarded.*

We shall follow the road to Monamore Mill and on up the Glen road. On the left the green ramparts culminate in the Squiler, and, on the right, The Ross squats down between Ben Lister Glen and Monamore. In summer this road is trying to the best of walkers owing to its closeness, due to the confined nature of the glen. The road rises steeply, and ere long you have reached a point nearly level with the summit of the Ross. Here you will strike north across the moorland making your objective the hill of Brisderg.

So far I have described the route in accordance with the way outlined in the Fellowship Green Book, but now I am going to retrace my steps and take you a way that I think is better. Perhaps other leaders have taken the route I have chosen, because of the oppressive nature of Monamore Glen. As recently as the early summer of 1927 I was up this way to the top of the road, but I can frankly say I did not enjoy it, and all because of the enervating effect of the atmosphere.

This is the route, therefore, that I suggest. Turn up the Ben Lister Glen near Hamilton Terrace in the village, and follow the tree-lined way to Ben Lister clachan. You have the Ross Hill on your left now as you follow the Ben Lister burn up to the hills. A further mile of walking brings you to the junction of the Ben Lister burn and the Tounie, the former stream being on the left, and the latter on the right of the Tounie Hill. You may follow either stream according to your inclinations. The left fork will lead you to

* "Antiquities of Arran."

another fork in the mountain stream, when by following the right hand course you can lead on to the summit of Brisderg (1332 feet). From this height you must cross the moorlands slightly N.E. to the Faerie Hills, which can now be plainly seen.

If you follow the Tounie burn to the right of Tounie Hill you come by a shorter route to the Faerie Hills. Step by step you trace out the stream to its source when you are under the shelter of the Sheeans. During the morning the view has been restricted to surrounding moorlands, but now the view is mighty and majestic. At our feet the ground falls away abruptly into the Black Glen which, in turn, merges into Glen Cloy. On the left of the Glen you see Glen Ormidale opening out, guarded to the north by the long ridge of Muileann Gaoithe. Then beyond all this is the wonderful jaggy outline of the island peaks. The Tower of Death (Caisteal Abhail) is smoking with clouds as if the deil and his satelites were mixing some unholy brew in the Devil's Punchbowl. Of the many views in the island this is perhaps one of the finest, no doubt because of the suddenness with which it springs upon the vision. For some distance the track has been leading up to the heights and giving no hint of what is to come, and then, in a matter of a few minites, the whole panorama bursts into view.

Here you should rest and partake of lunch. The sandwiches will taste better because of the long climb, and the lack of a cup of tea will be more than made up by the joy of the view. I remember when in the vicinity of the Sheeans, when poking about after lunch, that I made two discoveries. First, I found a nest in the

heather containing four brown speckled eggs, nestling in the softest down from the mother bird, and then in another place I found a fox's lair which contained the remains of a lamb, while all around the wool of the carcase was strewn. What a gruesome contrast to the first discovery.

The descent down the steep hill into Glen Cloy is a good scramble, where strong boots with serviceable heels are essential. I was surprised to read that Dr. Landsborough recommends shoes for tramps, and, emphatically, I disagree. Boots are a necessary safeguard against a twisted ankle, a calamity that is a very serious matter when far from roads and houses. Down in the glen you will follow the stream, and by so doing you will pass by the site of Bruce's Castle. Here it was that Bruce's advance guard stayed, after the successful attack on Brodick Castle. This gallant party had sailed from the island of Rathlinn off the coast of Ireland and landed at Lochranza. Crossing to the east of the island, the party attacked a number of soldiers unloading provisions at the boats. After killing most of the party Bruce's men retired to the castle in Glen Cloy to rejoice on their early success. Here it was they were joined later by Bruce himself.

The meeting of Bruce is told by Barbour :

> The King then blew his horn on high,
> And girt his men that were him by
> Hold them still and all privy
> And syne again his horn blew he ;
> James of Douglas heard him blaw
> And at the last alane gane know
> And said, " Soothly, yon's the King.

Shortly after this gathering in Arran, Bruce crossed to Ayrshire and ere long was mustered at Tor Wood in readiness for Bannockburn.

As already mentioned, M'Arthur in his " Antiquities of Arran " tells us that the site of Bruce's castle is known as the Faery Mound, but Boyd Scott in his " East of Arran " says that the name in Gaelic means the " Hill of the Old Fort," and that it is not likely Bruce built it. Possibly the building was erected as a defence against the rovers of the sea or by the rovers themselves to consolidate what they had won so hardily.

Your path will lead you down to Invercloy and so to the village of Brodick. The day has not been too strenuous and there is no reason why you should not walk back to Lamlash by way of Strathwhillan and Dun Fionn. By doing this you have completed the circle entirely on foot. In the morning you left Lamlash by the south, and in the evening entered from the opposite direction. Returning to the house, is it not well to think of that verse from " The Hymn of Empedocles " ?

> Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoyed the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanced true friends, . . .

THE SOUTHERN UPLANDS

" Come, I will take you to the windy lands
Where twisted rowans flame, and scarred rocks frown
In strong defiance ; where hill-tarns are brown
And deep with shadowy dreams ; where Beauty stands
Poised for mid-flight, grey-eyed with eager strands
Of hair stretched on the wind. We'll fling us down
Far from the hideous chimneys of the town,
And lie idle, with contemplative hands."

—G. A. Renshaw.

Extract from Lamlash " Green Book."

Tuesday.—Kilmory by moorlands. Route: through village and by-paths up to the summit of the moors, descending into Kilmory. Drive home along the coast about 16 miles, passing Kildonan Castle and Whiting Bay. One half of the party will work this journey the reverse way.

MAPS of fifty years ago showed a road crossing the moorlands from Monamore to Kilmory; the present day Ordnance Survey maps show a path where once there was a road, and the moorland itself shows little trace of any path whatever. Climbing the hill to the Urie Loch for the first time, the tramper will look for a path in vain, unless by lucky chance he strikes a portion of the grass-grown roadway, and even then he may not recognise it as the old highway. The disuse of these old drove roads is not uncommon in Scotland. The writer has explored the country within a wide radius of Glasgow, and in his wanderings has

found many of these old ways fast sinking back into the bog of the moorland. So with this road. In days past it would, no doubt, be quicker to journey from Lamlash to Kilmory by this hill road rather than the coast route, although the same stiff gradient would not be encountered on the latter course. Then, with the introduction of faster moving traffic, this hill road would fall into disuse and so, by degrees, the road vanishes entirely. For the sake of those who love the moorlands and wild places, it is a pity that these rights of way should be lost.

The route to be following at the commencement of this tramp is the same as the excursion to Glen Ashdale, but only to Urie Loch or, perhaps, as far as the summit of Tighvein. You walk a little way up Monamore Glen from Lamlash and climb the hillside on the left, after which you come in sight of the Urie Loch. From there, continuing south, you soon reach Tighvein. From this high point you survey the wide expanse of moorlands and the greater part of the south end of the island. Just which way to go now for Kilmory is not so easily decided, so it will be advisable to follow the instructions carefully.

Almost due south, about three-quarters of a mile distant, is a lesser hill, Glas Choirein (1327 feet) ; make this your objective and then continue a little way down the hill, still keeping due south. At a point somewhere on the 900 feet contour level you should come to the Auchareoch Burn. Be quite sure that you keep south and not south-west or you may strike the stream feeding the Ashdale Water. However, the moorland permits a wide view of the Ashdale Glen, so I do not think you should go wrong. Once having found the Auchareoch

Burn you are safe as you follow the stream down to the farm of that name, from whence a better defined track leads on. To the leader doing this walk for the first time, the plan to be adopted should be to work by landmarks. The first objective should be the Urie Loch, which is not difficult to attain. Next, climb out of the basin which holds the loch, and to the south you will see Tighvein, easily distinguished because it is the highest point in the district. From this point, you face south, when you see a post stuck upon a slightly lesser height, about three-quarters of a mile away. From there your fourth objective is the Auchareach Water below the hill-top. If, therefore, you do the tramp in the stages as suggested, you should have no fear of arriving at the Auchareach Farm late for lunch.

And what of the view? Truly it is wonderful.

The island of Pladda is near at hand, and, farther distant across the shining sea, furrowed into countless lanes by the wind, is Ailsa Craig, the bird sanctuary, Paddy's Milestone, the island that symbolises home to the returning Scot as the Statue of Liberty does to the American.

The Mull of Kintyre and Davaar Island appear over to the west, while all around the heather-clad moorlands sweep down to the sea.

After lunch at the farm, we bid good-bye to the party who motored to Kilmory and walked up. They will now continue over the moor to Lamlash while we follow the route in the reverse direction down to Kilmory. Crossing through fairly broken country, the path skirts to the east of the "Little Black Hill," and, on the slopes of the valley holding Kilmory Water, down to

the rather bleak place of Kilmory. Here is the end of this fine moorland walk, but there is the long and interesting motor drive yet to come.

The scenery of this district is of a milder type than that of any other part of the island. The two main rivulets that intersect this district are the Torryglen and the Sliddery. These and their tributaries have cut deep chasms in the strata, sometimes composed of large veins of whinstone interspersed with innumerable particles of pyrites, which retain their brilliancy in spite of exposure to the air. "These," says Headrick, "the people are confident in the belief of being gold; and I confess I was a little staggered until my ingenious friend, Dr. Thomson, by analysing a specimen, assured me that the gold was neither more nor less than pyrites of iron."

The motor run home from Kilmory is by way of Kildonan. If we could follow the coast, we should come to Bennan Head and the famous Black Cave, the largest cave in Arran. Up to quite recent times it was used as a preaching cave, and, away back in the Stone Age, may have housed the "arrow maker" whose rude instruments of stone and flint have been found both within the cave and buried in the moorlands of the island. Across from Bennan Head is Pladda Island, where a lighthouse stands to guide the mariner. This lighthouse, superseding the one of 1800, was built in 1826 to the designs of Robert Stevenson by Mr. Broom, a contractor of Glasgow.

The next place of interest along the coast is Kildonan Castle, perched at the edge of the cliff and lifting its hoary head to the winds of heaven.

The castle is meagre in historical interest, but there

is a legend of this old keep that is worth repeating. I read it in Brotchie's "Scottish Western Holiday Haunts," and I pass it on to you in the form as he gives it. "It may be recalled that within the old grey keep of Kildonan the last Barclay Baron of Ardrossan, known as the "Deil of Ardrossan," ended his wretched days. He it was who set his satanic majesty to erect a bridge from Cumbrae to the mainland, but as it was approaching completion, some luckless stranger happening to mention the Divinity, immediately Satan vanished in a flame of fire, overwhelming the bridge, but leaving the foundations, which may be seen to this day, one on the Cumbrae and the other near West Kilbride. Barclay retired afterwards to Kildonan."

Along the coast from Kildonan we shall come to Dippen (*trans.*—The Twopenny Glen), said to be the other end of the Giant's Causeway, and possibly the place where Fingal the Giant stepped ashore. Passing Largbeg Point, the Holy Island is in view, together with the gentle bay of Kiscadale or, as it is more commonly known, Whiting Bay. Dr. Landsborough tells of how in his boyhood days he saw a whale in the bay. This has not been an experience of mine in Arran, nor do I wish that it should be, after the boyhood recollections of the whale that was left high and dry on Blackpool sands. I shall never forget the terrible smell the carcase gave off. I like to think of Whiting Bay in its connection with Bruce. We read in other rambles of his coming to Arran and living in the fort in Glen Cloy, but here on this excursion we are to pass near the spot where the King sailed for Turnberry. This was at King's Cross. Interesting as this may be, it is not half

so fascinating as the knowledge that the Bruce and the spider incident is said to have been enacted near King's Cross Point. As a boy I always loved that story, and in my childish brain I pictured a bearded king sitting watching the spider. Now, I can add the natural setting to this older mental picture, and, because of that, the tradition now holds greater attraction. One writer has stated that the spider incident happened when the king was in hiding on the island of Rathlinn, but, according to other writers, Whiting Bay is associated with the legend.

This excursion covers a wider area than the tramp to Glen Ashdale, but in both cases the day finishes on the same route. Thus it is we shall once more have the joy of travelling the high road from Whiting Bay to Lamlash in the glow of the evening. Perhaps, too, we shall see the lights come out, one after the other, in the village, and also watch the old hand of nature, light the lamps in the purple vault of heaven.

So another day ends, and, echoing the words of Milton, "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

THE SADDLE, GLEN SANNOX, AND GLEN ROSA

> "I am tired of all the tame complacencies,
> The comfortable dirt, the useless words.
> I want the heights with you, the beating rain
> On dwindling tracks, the pines like moaning seas,
> Silence and Space, the wild dawn-song of birds."

EXTRACT FROM LAMLASH "GREEN BOOK."

Thursday.—Glen Sannox and Glen Rosa. Walking distance, 11 miles. This is a fairly hard day. Take Motor to Sannox Bay, thence track through the Glen and, skirting the peak Cir Mhor (Kior Vor), follow the stream down Glen Rosa. Those who cannot do this round will walk back to Brodick by the shore road through Corrie, 7 miles. Return to Lamlash by motor if necessary.

THERE is no need to go into detail over the alternative route, *i.e.*, the walk by the shore to Brodick as I shall describe that in the trip round the island. To-day's is a stern walk, so let us be away for—

> "The wonderful air is over me
> And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
> It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
> And talks to itself on the tops of the hills."

You will alight from the motor at Sannox Bay, where the path leaves the road by the tea-room. The word Sannox is said to be a corruption of the Gaelic "Sannaig," meaning a sandy place. Another informant states that Glen

Photo by Mr. H. J. Stone

"Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile."—*Lord of the Isles*

Sannox means the Glen of the river trout—but we are already half-way up the lane—a lane where brambles grow in profusion in September and early October, and now we are at the gate of the old cemetery wherein is interred the body of the man Rose who died under such dramatic circumstances on Goat Fell many years ago. This old burying-ground is all that remains of a chapel dependent on Kilbride Church, and dedicated to St. Michael. A rude image of the saint is to be seen upon a stone built into the outside of the wall. The house was probably connected with the Abbey of Kilwinning, which Sir John Monteith, Lord of Arran, granted in 1357, the lands of Sannox and patronage of the Church —*vide* Bryce's "Arran," page 147.

A little beyond the cemetery the path follows the light railway track to the Barytes mine, and beyond, the way is just the wild bogland of Glen Sannox. The aspect is wildness personified. All is bleak and stark. The hills on either side rise smoothly to steep heights but, away at the head of the glen, the sight is one perpetual wrinkle. In all that wildness not a house is to be seen, but at one time the glen rang to the sound of men about their work. The change took place about the time of Waterloo. Formerly the people worked the farms in groups, but now individual tenants took over the farms. It is understood that in North Sannox a little township disappeared, and that during these years of change more than 400 people emigrated, chiefly from Sannox.

In this glen is a boulder known as the Cat Stone or Battle Stone. This word "Cat" seems to be a corruption of a Gaelic word meaning a battle. Various

instances arise throughout Scotland of these Battle Craigs—for instance, the Cat Craig in Strathblane, which is supposed to mark the site of a battle fought by the famed King Arthur. This Battle rock in Glen Sannox is supposed to commemorate the slaughter of English soldiers—the hated Sassenach—by the local people. A party of Cromwell's soldiers from Brodick Castle were out collecting stores or, as the modern soldier has it, "scrounging," and their conduct being resented by the locals, a fight ensued with the result that the soldiery were killed.

Sannox is the place for adders, but do not be alarmed! Your strong boots are ample protection. For a while you keep by the stream and then later bear to the left, working gradually through the tangly heather to the Saddle. This is a high ridge dipping down from Cir Mhor to rise again to the Goat Fell range. Whoever is the leader of the excursion must choose the simplest route and not take any undue risks by tackling the very steep parts. Nearly all the way to the ridge of the Saddle you will encounter the heather, but once into Glen Rosa it is conspicuous by its absence. Lunch is usually taken at this high vantage point, and as you munch your sandwiches you can let your eye rove from peak to peak. Cir Mhor is near at hand, the key mountain of all the range. From it radiate the spokes of the island. You look into the bowl that is the head of Glen Sannox and raise your eyes to the proud head of Caistael Abhail, and then, following round to the right, you come to that rocky chimney at Ceum na Caillich, and so to Suidhe Phearghas, which constitutes the north-western wall of the glen. While we were having lunch

we watched the deer loping in single file down to the water, and then after taking their fill moving off with easy grace to mingle with the heather in the distance. Another spur from Cir Mhor leads to the Beinn Nuis range, described in another chapter, and still another ridge, the one we are on, leads up to Goat Fell. From this ridge you can look into the Coire nam Fuaran, a corrie surrounded by castles of rocks, a corrie whose floor is littered with fallen castles. Those that wish can extend the tramp by climbing to Goat Fell summit and then down into Brodick, but for this you should have a competent guide. It is a stiff ridge walk all the way. If you attempt this extension do not be tempted to descend into Glen Rosa, as this is a very dangerous route, which has cost one life and very unpleasant experiences for others. Descend either to Brodick or Corrie, the former place for preference.

Assuming that the super-strenuous have now started their further ascent, and that we are of the party going to Brodick by way of Glen Rosa, let us now proceed down hill to the stream. Gradually as we descend, the mountains around Glen Sannox drop out of sight until presently nothing is seen of the glen we knew all morning. So to the stream and the head of the glen. Here we are on the edge of a wild corrie rising up to Cir Mhor and Beinn Tarsuinn and the Ceims ridge connecting the two heights. On the other side of this ridge the hills slope at a gentler gradient in Glen Iorsa. Across Glen Rosa, you will see the long white streak of a waterfall which has its source in that high corrie immediately under the summit of Goat Fell.

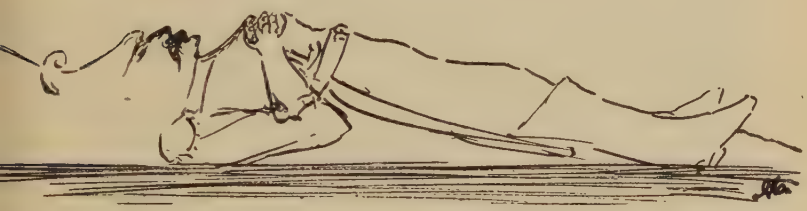
Once you have reached the glen stream your route is

simple to follow, except that the rough path is particularly boggy, and it is really essential to be careful how you tread. In spite of my watchfulness I sank up to my thighs in one boggy bit. One foot trod on firm shingle in the bed of a hillside streamlet, but the other foot sank into black oozy, slimy peat. Imagine my state when pulled out, but imagine the worse state if the victim had been a woman.

A feature of the Rosa Burn is the crystal clearness of its waters and the bleached state of the rocks in the stream. The bed of the burn looks as if it had been newly spring-cleaned, while the water has that clean, green tint so good to look upon. In parts the water runs over rippling shallows, and tosses in madcap fashion over small rock formations. In other places it runs deep and slow, taking upon itself a deeper tinge of green, and gliding along with a quiet movement of dignity, so foreign to its attitude a few minutes ago, when it laughed with glee as it jumped the fall.

Looking back, you see the sharp ridge of the Ceims, which, when seen from a greater distance, is said to bear a striking resemblance to a certain statesman, and was known years ago as Lord Brougham's profile, but to-day the ridge is more popularly referred to as "The Sleeping Warrior." To obtain the best impression of the Sleeping Warrior, it is advisable to climb to some vantage point on the north Ayrshire coast, or from Bute. If you are possessed of a fair share of imagination, you should have no difficulty in shaping the outline. The front of the warrior's helmet (or Lord Brougham's nightcap) is the slope up from the Cir Mhor Col. The four pinnacles close together may

be taken as—first, the peak of the helmet; second, the nose; third, his moustache. Following this is a dip which represents his lower jaw. The long rise to the top of the Castles represents the chest. From the height of the chest, long slopes carry the outline down to a ridge representing the top boots, and so down to the imaginary feet.



By now we shall have reached the junction of the Rosa Burn and the Garbh Allt, and so to the last stage of the tramp to Brodick. Ere leaving the glen it would be appropriate to refer briefly to the meaning of the word "Rosa." The name is said to mean "Ferry Point," according to Bryce, and his explanation is worth repeating here. "This name 'Ferry-point,' as indicating that water may have filled the glen since men inhabited the island, is remarkable, especially when taken in connection with the anchor found in the glen . . . we cannot assign to a very great antiquity the use of iron anchors, nor a modern origin to the old sea cliff which surrounds Arran; for it could only have been when the sea stood at that old level that Glen Rosa was occupied by the sea . . . it was usual to ship cattle at high water in the Cloy from a natural pier of stone a little way west of the smithy garden, north of

the road." The writer goes on to say that the island must have been raised 25 feet at least to lay dry the Ferry-point Glen. He says the name may refer to a lake, and that the existing mound is very like the remains of an old lake barrier. In a book of local place-names the definition is given quite differently as the Glen of the Horse. There is no connection between the two, and which is the correct name need not greatly concern us. We have had a good day, and the state of the inner man at present calls for no argument, and so we press on at all speed to Wooley's in Brodick for tea. There we shall meet with the super-strenuous who did the extension to Goat Fell, and also the babes who strolled by the shore from Corrie. In the early evening you may either motor or walk back to Lamlash by the road. If you walk, rest awhile by the head of the road and look back at that maze of jagged rock formations now standing up in their black cloaks against a purpling sky.

The lengthening rays of the setting sun
Gild the heights with cloth of gold,
While deep in the glens at the foot of the bens
The shadows creep eirie and cold.

THE CLAUCHLAND HILLS

" But here we will kneel to the wild forest queen
On this green grassy dais that the sunbeams are fleckin'.'

EXTRACT FROM LAMLASH " GREEN BOOK."

Clauchland Hills and Corrygills. Route by field paths to Strathwhillan, returning either by high road or shore. Walking distance, 8-9 miles. A pleasant and easy walk, not calling for any heavy hill climbing. However, you will be advised to wear stout brogues.

THE Clauchland Hills divide the Brodick and Lamlash Bays, culminating in the Clauchland Point and the Hamilton Rock. A road cuts over the high ground from Lamlash to Brodick to the west of these hills while a track can be followed all the way by the shore. A path leads across the hill to Dun Fionn, a grassy height above the point, from Seabank, leading up by Mount Pleasant to the Clauchlands cottage and farm. This way is sometimes boggy and marshy, and to avoid this you could follow the shore road a little farther and then follow the by-road to Clauchlands farm and join the path over the hill. A little above the farm reservoir is a path, according to the map, which branches in a westerly direction across the face of the hill to join the Brodick road somewhere in the vicinity of the Isolation Hospital. This path, however, I could not find and I am doubtful of its existence.

Many and varied are the excursions you can do over

these hills or by the shore. One Sunday afternoon I followed the woodland at the back of Altachorvie up to the moorland and so to the ridge, where I sat for a while alternately reading and absorbing the wonderful view of the Brodick Bay and the peaks above.

> "Great wide, beautiful, wonderful world
> With the wonderful water round you curl'd,
> And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
> World, you are beautifully drest."

My favourite spot, however, is the summit of Dun Fionn, that grass-covered old fort that commands such a wonderful vista of sea, mountain and moor. In the mornings I have watched from these heights the white mist cuddling the shores of Brodick or sailing securely round Goat Fell. In the afternoon, I have dreamt, and slept, and read on the grassy carpet of the summit. In the evening, I have watched the wonder of a Highland sunset, glowing and then fading behind those grim peaks. I have sat at this old beacon post when the heat haze danced on the waters ; I have stood at this beacon post and leaned into the gale, the while shouting defiance at the elements in a voice that sounded pitifully weak in that volume of rushing wind ; I have danced a jig on Dun Fionn for pure joy of living when the snow has placed its mantle on the heights and the grass is crisp and white with frost. Friend, I would have you know this outpost of the Clauchlands, and, knowing it, hold it dear for all that it may mean.

But this is not getting on with the job of taking you the excursion I planned, so let us be moving.

Have you ever contemplated the view of the bay from the drive gates ? Do you not carry a mental

picture of this even now? I do, but I very much doubt whether I can pass on my impressions to you. It is one of rest, in the way the wavelets lazily lap the shore, and in the fact that the whole scene lacks any note of discord; my impression is also one of strength, strength as seen in the steep walls of Holy Isle and the hill ramparts that close in on Lamlash. Passing through the gate on to the highway I feel I have gone through the gate of promise and that the day will hold something that will make my life richer for having experienced.

Along the road now towards the village to the coastguard station and the Brodick road. Up this hill we shall go through an avenue of trees, past the club house of the golf course, and so on to the moorlands. Steadily climbing, you come to the crest of the road and the wonderful panorama of peaks. I remember on one occasion when we were motoring to Sannox for an excursion in that district we left Lamlash in clear, bright sunshine, and at the summit of this road we looked down on a white sea of billowing mist which appeared to slide down Goat Fell to settle over Brodick and the shore road. Then when we descended we entered this mist and our view was obscured until we returned again over the hill to Lamlash, when we entered a clear atmosphere once more.

In October of this year I had another interesting fog experience. The boat was late in arriving at Lamlash, and word came that fog in the Firth was holding up steamer traffic, and yet Lamlash Bay was entirely clear and bathed in bright sunshine. Outside the bay, beyond Clauchlands, the white bank of fog could be distinctly

seen, but none entered the bay during the whole of that day.

From the summit of the hill the road leads down through the woodlands to Brodick. At the commencement of the woodlands you will find a path on the left which leads down to Brodick providing a pleasant diversion from the road. Travelling the road all the way may not appeal to you, in which case you should strike across the moorland on the right before reaching the summit of the hill. Well away from the road (on the right) you will see the isolation hospital screened by trees. Keep this on the left and wander just as the fancy pleases until you decide to make for Brodick. During the shooting season it is advisable to watch where you are going as you may run a considerable risk of being shot, as well as being a nuisance to the shooting tenant.

Brodick Bay is a joy to see and a picture to remember for the dull, dark days of the city in November. To be able to conjure up this vision on a wet winter's day, sitting in a tramcar returning from business, is to be lifted out of your surroundings and be carried away to a place of sun and fresh air. Just as I was carried away when reading about David Grayson and his fun with a tin whistle, so am I carried away by such memories as I hold of Brodick Bay. The beauty of a wide sweeping bay is accentuated by the whiteness of the long stretch of smooth sand which reaches back to the cool green of the grass. The grass introduces us to the woodlands which drape the hem of the hills. The hills culminate in Goat Fell, the mother of Arran, a mountain

which crowns this superb picture of West Highland scenery.

When you have done with Brodick your return to Lamlash may be made by way of Corriegills and the path between Dun Fionn and Dun Dubh (the black fort). The pathway to Corriegills leads off the Lamlash road up Strathwhillan. For a while you are near the shore, and then the path climbs up to the forts, but before describing the view overlooking Lamlash Bay, let me say something about Dun Fionn. From its commanding position the situation is ideally placed for a fort or beacon station, and it is little wonder, therefore, that tradition tells us that this was Fingal's Fort.

In " East of Arran " we read that " once upon a time there were giants in Arran. They say that the chief of the Giants was called Finn or Fingal, and they tell how he and his sons and clansmen hunted wild beasts on the island and did great deeds. The hill above Clauchlands Point, Lamlash, called Dun Fionn was a fort of his." Next, we read in Bryce's " Arran " that " Dunfion or Fingal's Fort is the highest point on this portion of the ridge, right over Corriegills shore and 500 to 600 feet in height. A low mound enclosing an elliptic space, 40 yards by 16, is seen round the summit, but nothing whatever is known of the history of the fort. From traces of vitrifaction said to have been noticed on the stones of the mound it has been conjectured that the place was the site of a beacon fire in the wild old times, as well as a stronghold."

As a look-out station there is no doubt that the position would be ideal, and it is not surprising to read, therefore, that Dun Fionn was one of the island's chief

defences. With walls 5 feet in thickness the place must have been well-nigh impregnable and would constitute a serious menace to any enemy contemplating an attack on the island.

Coming down the corridors of history from the times of Fingal, we come to the exploits of the hardy Norsemen, who cast envious eyes on the comparative civilisation of the island. There is little doubt that it was visited by the Norse rovers in their earlier expeditions, and it is certain that in later times these men of the north held the island until they were ousted in the 12th century by Somerled, founder of the great family of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles. In later days probably Bruce would use this as a look-out station, although King's Cross Point is given as the place where he watched for the beacon fire at Turnberry. In still later days, when Cromwell's men garrisoned Brodick Castle, they may have found this high vantage point of use as a look-out station.

So much then for the historical, but what of the view from the fort? Earlier in the chapter I described the prospect over Brodick Bay, but now our feet are set towards Lamlash, and, as we breast the hill, the southern aspect bursts upon us. Immediately below is Lamlash Bay where fleets throughout the ages have found sanctuary. The fleet that fought King Athalstan at the Battle of Brunanburh gathered here, as did King Hacon of Norway, to be utterly defeated at Largs by the Scottish King. To-day, the King's "Navee" comes in peace each summer to anchor in the bay, when the holiday-making citizens visit the boats and dance

with the sailors both on the ships and in the large hall along the road to Ben Lister.

"The Bay of Lamlash," says Headrick, "may be about 3 miles in a right line from its northern to its southern entrance; and at its centre it forms a sort of semi-circle nearly two miles across, having the Holy Island on one side and the vale of Lamlash on the other. The two inlets may be about a quarter of a mile in breadth at their mouths, and widen gradually as they approach the central bay. The southern inlet is preferred by mariners because here there is no danger but what is seen. The northern inlet is equally safe to those who know it; but the tails of rock we have described as projected from Dun Fionn and the gradual decrease of altitude of the rocks on the opposite point of the Holy Isle cause them to extend a considerable way under the sea before they sink out of the reach of vessels drawing a great depth of water."

The bay of Lamlash is considered one of the best harbours in the Firth of Clyde—if not in the world.

Having taken our fill, we may now descend by the path to Clauchlands farm seen below, and so once more to the village, or you may follow the line of the hill down to Clauchlands Point and then home by the shore.

PART III.

OFF-DAY EXCURSIONS

LOOK TO THIS DAY

Look to this day
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your existence :
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty ;
For yesterday is but a dream
And to-morrow is only a vision,
But to-day well lived makes
Every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day !
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—From the Sanskrit.

INTRODUCTORY

AS the organised excursions only cover eight days of the holiday, it is as well to outline further excursions for the off days. The tramps already described do not by any means exhaust the possibilities of the island, and when you have read through these further tours there will no doubt be just as much left to explore. The tramps outlined in this section deal mostly with the north end of the island, for I must admit that this part attracts me most. The possibilities of even Glens Sannox and Rosa are without end and the entire fortnight of your holiday could be spent exploring each separate peak, and then, at the end of the holiday, how much would be untouched! In these long tramps it is always advisable to motor to your tramping grounds and then motor back. Cut out road walking as much as possible. After a long day on the hills you quickly go to pieces on the unsympathetic metal surface of a highway. I do not say, of course, that there is no joy in a country highway, but there is greater joy in the limitless space of the hills.

Scrambling among the hills of northern Arran is not the only attraction. The bluebell in May spreads a carpet of dainty blue in the woods around Lamlash. Late August brings the bloom of the heather when the southern uplands are one big sea of purple, rolling and rippling in uneven waves. After the heather, Nature's garden bears us fruit in plenty. Nowhere else are the brambles so sweet as on Arran—and so plentiful. If you know where to look there are wild raspberries too.

Then the hazel nuts carpet the floors of many woodlands around Lamlash. Of all these things you will read in Part III. Where to picnic, where to gather brambles, and where to gather nuts. If you are thinking of coming to Arran, perhaps you will come when the brambles are ripe. It is, I think, the best time.

Apart from the rambles and tramps, you may wish a day motoring or sailing, and at the conclusion of Part III. I shall describe a motor trip round the island as well as notes regarding steamer travel.

THE BEINN NUIS RIDGE WALK

"Who cometh over the hills
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet."

WHILE reading through the description of this excursion keep your 'one inch to the mile' map of Arran spread at your side, following the routes as you read.

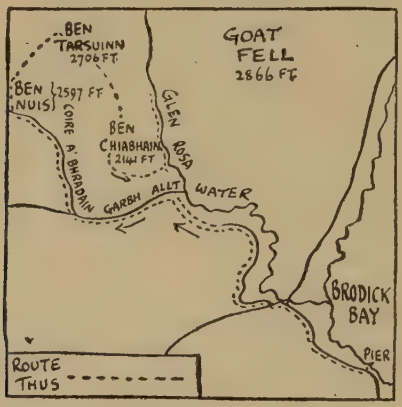
This is the tramp I did with five stalwarts one day in May. Friend Blakeney, of Sheffield, was secretary, but as none of us had been this route before, all were leaders and all followers. Climbing the hills, the one with the strongest pair of lungs led, and on the steep edges Blakeney led, for he is the lad for heights. He glories in standing on the edge of a 2000 feet drop while we poor mortals crawl up on hands and knees and only dare poke our nose over the edge.

Seen from certain points on the mainland, the Arran peaks present a striking resemblance to a soldier at rest —a bald, rugged outline that tempts the strenuous strider of hills.

I am not quite sure how much of this soldier's anatomy I have scrambled over, but in this instance I will conduct you to the summit of three peaks, finally descending at a point near the warrior's fifth rib (metaphorically speaking).

Be sure that each member of your party has a good head for heights. Although in the course of this walk you have no need to walk along the edge of a sheer

precipice, some of the gradients are very steep—steep enough for some people to be affected with giddiness.



Commence the tramp from Rosa Bridge at Invercloy, beyond Brodick. Here is the junction of The Corrie road and the String road to Machrie Bay. A few yards along this highway turn to the right by the church and follow the winding lane towards Glen Rosa.

The mountains are nearer now, and even more impressive, and soon you leave the last whitewashed cottage behind, and enter the narrow confines of the wild, wild glen. After about a mile of walking the glen curves round to the right at a point where a stream on the left comes leaping downhill in a series of white cascades.

In places you witness a mad, roaring leap of tossing waters, and in another stage of the descent you see the smooth stream slipping down a trough of rock to easily topple into a convenient pool.

The stream, called the Garbh Allt (the rough burn),

is where the real work commences, as you must follow it right up to the corrie below Beinn Nuis. The strength of your lungs will be tested, and the strength of your boots, too. Up and up you go—on the left side of the stream all the time.

Bog and heather and moorland stream all must be taken in your stride—a slow, steady tread that knows no weariness. As you climb the view unfolds. First, Brodick Bay and the Clauchlands Hills, then the top of the Holy Isle peeps up over the hills, and later the whole of Lamlash Bay is seen.

After the steep climb up by the stream, you come to the tableland and the corrie under Beinn Nuis. You now observe how there is a horseshoe ridge with Beinn Nuis on the left, Beinn Tarsuinn ahead, and Beinn à Chliabhain on the right. The object is to negotiate this horseshoe, which might well call for the remark that the real work is yet ahead.

If you climbed the shoulder of Beinn Nuis in the same line as we did you will see a peculiarly shaped rock. It is shaped like a great mushroom, and is no doubt the result of weathering. At the top of the first shoulder you get an extended view of the south end of the island and the Kilbrannan Sound and Kintyre.

So to the last steep part to the cairn, where you fling yourself down breathless with the climb and the view. The day we did this tramp was perfect, and the six of us sat enraptured. We all thought we could see Ireland, but I think we needed more than a little imagination.

From this, the first summit, we walked along the ridge up to the summit of Beinn Tarsuinn. Looking north

from here there is a wonderful V-shaped cleft in the mountains through which you can see Bute and the mainland.

The next stage in this mountain walk is to negotiate the broad curve of the horseshoe to Beinn à Chliabhain (pronounce it Chilblain—it is so much easier), and here you need a steady nerve and a cool head. The definition of this Gaelic word is given as "The Hill of the Little Cradle." The rock-climber of the party now took charge (before this we all led in turns), and promptly led to a ledge that stepped off into nothingness for 1800 feet.

The next venture was to emulate a mountain goat, when we successfully followed a sheep track across the screes of the horseshoe, and so, on to "Ben Chilblain." This is quite an easy climb, grass all the way, but at the summit there is a sheer drop of 2000 feet to the bottom of Glen Rosa.

One long, sloping side of the mountain will lead you in a steady descent to Glen Rosa, and so back to Brodick.

Needless to say, this tramp is only for the strenuous, and should be done in about five or six hours. As a comparison, the ascent of Goat Fell takes two hours from Brodick.

After tea in Brodick, you will feel quite fit to walk through Strathwhillan (the holm of the holly) and over the hill to Lamlash and dinner. If this does not appeal to you, arrange for the motor to pick you up at Woolley's in Brodick. Walking distance for this tramp—three mountains.

A Picnic Ramble.

Such a ramble as I have just described should only be attempted by heroes, so, for the benefit of those who wish to have a lazy day and yet get entirely off the beaten track, let me suggest an easy saunter in Ben Lister Glen. There is no need to go far up, because you soon find yourself at one with the quiet, where the only noise is from the stream and your feet as you regularly crush the heather and bracken.

The entrance to Ben Lister Glen is by the post office in Hamilton Terrace. The road you take branches off to the left of Bolt's garage and follows a level course by the Holy Well and the village hall. Tramping along the straight stretch towards the clachan of Ben Lister, you will see the Letter Wood to the right, up the hill. To the left of this wood is a stream where watercress grows plentifully, and if you be so minded you could take home a supply for tea. To be sure of finding the proper place, ask Mr. Sinclair at the house below the wood. His house is called Laigh Letter.

And so to the cluster of whitewashed cottages. The definition of this glen means the glen of the hill of the vessel—a culinary vessel. A peculiar meaning and one that sets us thinking, but let us away and on into the deep glen.

> Here is the path that winds by the hill
> To the gay little streamlet, a wee mountain rill.

Here you may wander just as you please, paddling, exploring or sitting at ease, where "Rowan and birch hang couthy together." There is no object in going further than the junction of the streams. To the left

the Ben Lister Burn winds under the Tounie Hill to lose itself in the heights by Brisderg. The stream on the right—the Tounie Burn—rises on the slopes of the Sheeans, that hill which looks down on Glen Dubh and Glen Cloy.

If the day is hot you will find time to sleep, read and ramble to your heart's content, coming home in the earlier evening feeling that

> As I lay me down to rest,
> This day has really been the best
> Of all that God has lavished on mere man,
> For I've watched the bees and smelt the clover,
> And studied the sweep of the wheeling plover;
> Stretched flat down to study a flower,
> Or flat on my back for a passing hour,
> To gaze at the clouds in the deep blue vault—
> —If I had not been happy it was nobody's fault.

TRAMPING POSSIBILITIES

THE tramps already outlined do not by any means exhaust the possibilities of the island, and for me to describe in detail all the routes that come to my mind would take far more space than is at my disposal. I will, however, give the outline of a few excursions "fit for heroes" only.

Cir Mhor
(*The Great Comb*).

The great mass of rock we know as "Keir Vor" stands at the head of Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox. The climb to the summit is very strenuous and, in places, hazardous, and should only be attempted by hardy trampers. This climb should not be attempted from the Glen Sannox nor from Glen Rosa side, but should be done as an extension to the Beinn Nuis ridge walk. From the summit of Beinn Tarsuinn follow the north ridge known as À Chir (The Comb), which leads to Cir Mhor. Be careful to keep on the western slope of the Comb and by no means attempt the eastern side or you will find yourself in considerable danger. To follow the line of the ridge is impossible. The Glen Rosa side presents a sheer precipice and the Glen Iorsa side is very steep, and consists of huge smooth slabs that give no foothold. You must, therefore, traverse the Glen Iorsa slope of the Comb below the slabs. An easy ascent can be made of the Great Comb from the west side only, as on the other three sides sheer precipices drop down to the glens. The summit constitutes a

small plateau where a foothold is secure, but anyone who has not a good head for heights is not advised to scale the slopes to this towering viewpoint. The view from this height is of the finest, being in the heart of the mountain range, and thus enabling you to pick out the various peaks and work out the line you followed to some of the summits.

Descent though steep can be made into Glen Rosa, "the glen of bogs," from the low ridge at the base of Cir Mhor. This is very steep but not too hazardous. This provides an alternative route which is preferable to returning the same way. Once in the glen, follow the stream right to Brodick.

Across to Loch Ranza.

Glen Iorsa offers many possibilities, as suggested in a previous chapter. Again, in connection with the Beinn Nuis walk, you could follow Glen Iorsa from the summit of Beinn Tarsuinn right up to the watershed under Caistel Abhail (The Castle of Death). Over the watershed you come to Loch na Davie, under Beinn Breac, from which point you follow the stream down through the steep glen, Easen Biarach, to Loch Ranza. Here you would go by motor back to Lamlash.

Two streams rising on Ben Nuis are called Garbh Allt. One flows to the west to Glen Rosa; the other flows south to the Machrie Water. From the summit of Beinn Nuis you command a view of the two streams so that you should find no difficulty in striking the south-going stream. Follow this down the hill and through the moor and you will come to the Machrie Water and the String road, about 5½ miles from Brodick. If you

have a compass with you, a pleasant adventure would be to follow in a line due south from the top of Beinn Nuis to the String road. In this way you would come near the mountain pool, Loch nam Faoileag (The Seagulls Loch), and then to the top end of Gleann Easbuig. You could follow the stream down this glen to the road, or, still walking to the south, climb out of the glen and over the hill into Glen Shurig and the String road, some three miles from Brodick.

The Fallen Rocks.

Here is a pleasant walk round the northernmost part of the island: Motor to Sannox Bay and return from Loch Ranza. This walk does not call for the endurance and stamina of the mountain walks, but, because it is to be a ramble by the sea shore, do not be tempted to wear fancy shoes. The way is rough and rocky in parts and would quickly spoil any but sturdy footwear.

A pathway crosses the stream of North Glen Sannox and follows by the shore to the Fallen Rocks, a huge agglomeration of rocks broken from the cliffs. Here it is pleasant to sit on a sunny day and watch the shipping, and lazily follow with the eye the fat, fleecy clouds that meander in the slender breeze. The Campbeltown steamers skirt the north end of the island on their way to Loch Ranza. I remember, a few years ago, when staying near Loch Ranza, watching the *Davaar* and the *King Edward* racing for the pier. Both were due about the same time and, although the *King Edward* was faster, the former boat sometimes arrived there first. This particular day the *Davaar* was the first to make the pier, but the skipper of the "*King*" was not to be outdone.

He sailed in and berthed alongside the *Davaar*, his passengers disembarking through the first vessel. In this manner he had the last laugh on the *Davaar* and was first away. What a sight to see the two skippers on their respective bridges blazing away at each other the while being only separated by a matter of feet.

The walk to the Fallen Rocks is about two miles from Sannox Bay, a distance that will not take up much of the day. You can, if you wish, continue beyond the fallen roacks by Millstone Point right round to the Cock of Arran, a rock having a resemblance at one time to a cock. Beyond this point you come to Newton Farm and a path in to Loch Ranza. Before reaching the Cock of Arran, *i.e.*, at Laggan, another path follows the hill over to the entrance to Glen Chalmadale.

Should you not wish to continue farther than the Fallen Rocks and were minded for more wild, mountainous scenery, you could retrace your steps to North Sannox Bridge and then follow the road to the next bridge. Here, leave the road and follow the stream up to the very heart of things. This would be a wild and dirty walk, and if this be your mood for the day you will find your heart's desire in these glens under Fergus' Seat and the Castles. Do not be tempted to do too much, and check your going by the map. Also come back the way you went. The impression this district has left on me is one of greatness, gloom and eerieness. Perhaps it is because I last tramped this way as the dusk was falling, on a grey day on my way to Corrie, and motored back in the purple of the darkening twilight. I was not alone then, but on another occasion I walked from Corrie to Loch Ranza alone, and although the day was bright and sunny,

the vista up North Glen Sannox was so majestic and solemn that I felt it was too much for me, and that it required another human being with whom to share the solemnity.

ALTACHORVIE WOOD.

Coming nearer home, there are not many paths over the Clauchland Hills that have not yet been explored. The woodland at the side of the Guest House is a source of never-failing delight. Bluebells in spring, ferns and bracken and green foliage in summer, and the russet palette of autumn tints in September and October. The top end of the wood is a wilderness where I have plucked pink wild hyacinths as well as the conventional blue ones. Beyond the wood the bare hillside rises to the heights overlooking Brodick.

Most of this chapter has dealt with the country north of the String road, but the moorland between it and the Sliddery-Lamlash road does not hold so much of interest. In one excursion we cross over these moorland,s and while this does not exhaust the possibilities, the remaining country offers no further variety. South of the Monamore Glen road we have explored two routes which leaves little more to add.

As a final note let me repeat what I have said in one of my Glasgow rambles. These excursions are not to be estimated by distance, but rather by the amount of stamina you possess. Such walks will delight the heart of the strenuous tramper—the man who loves the wild places :

> "Men who are walkers still,
> Men who scorn riding,
> Men above baubles ;
> See them go striding."

A NUTTING EXPEDITION

THOSE who go to Lamlash during the latter part of September see the island at its best. The bracken is turning gold, the air is more bracing than at any time during the summer—and the nuts are there for the pulling. Assuming that you can be in Lamlash at this time, you could not do better than arrange a nutting expedition.

The directions are easy, for your destination is King's Cross Point. You can see the sweep of the bay from the house and can, therefore, quite easily see your route. Going through the village you leave the road at the Parish Church and follow the shore path to Cordon and on through the wood. This path—the Cuddy Dook—leads up to the Whiting Bay road, but you will take the first path leading down to the shore and then ramble at your ease right on to the point. Soon you will come to the hazel trees where you will see the nuts growing in clusters. The distance to King's Cross Point is most deceptive from the house. You imagine you can easily accomplish the expedition between breakfast and lunch—so you can, but there is little time for gathering nuts. I advise a whole day, and picnic by the shore, and indulge in the fun of making a fire and drinking tea you wouldn't look at at home.

I often wish I knew more about the wild life that abounds in Arran. By the shore the birds are an ever-interesting study. There are different kinds of gulls that fight along the sea edge, the black cormorants that crowd the Hamilton Rock and always seem to be flapping

their wings, and the long-legged crane fishing in the shallow waters where the seals wallow in the morning.

In the woods and in the heather the adder—a small poisonous sucker—is more or less common. Be not afraid, gentle ladies! Few folks are ever bitten, and I have not yet heard of a death on the island from a snake bite. When I was at Altachorvie last October I saw an adder crossing the drive and the postman, who was passing at the time, killed it.

There is no more to tell you of this nutting ramble except that such an outing makes a splendid day.

A BLACKBERRY RAMBLE

THOSE visiting the island in May have the joy of the bluebells, but those coming north in the fall of the year find the big, black, juicy blackberries waiting to be picked. In Scotland the fruit is referred to as " brambles." During the week or over the week-end you could gather them for Miss White, the cook, who really knows how to make tarts and pies. At the end of the holiday, obtain a tin and go gathering brambles to take home. Don't carry the fruit in a cardboard box or the bottom will fall out at the most embarrassing time, and don't store the box in your suitcase or the result will be worse than tragic.

Now, where are the best places for brambles? The fields at the back of the house are very good, as also along the shore road towards the Clauchlands Point. I find that places vary each season, for this year I had the greatest yield up the Brodick road and the field to the left of the highway. There is no need to go far afield for the fruit, and a good morning's pulling should result in five or six pounds of berries. From the Brodick road you could take a short cut home across the golf links and the hillside to the wood at the back of the house, gathering brambles most of the way. If you follow the road to the cemetery, you will find a way across to the house in a few minutes. On the top side of the cemetery an old grassy road leads for only a matter of yards before it finishes, but at a point only two fields away from the wood.

ROUND THE ISLAND

A Motoring Excursion.

THE most popular motor run—in fact, *the* one to consider—is round the island. The road distance is 55 miles, and the time taken is 3½ hours; cost 10/-. The usual plan, however, is for a party to charter one or two motors and take the whole day for the trip. The first stop is Blackwaterfoot, where a halt for an hour or two is made for lunch, and a walk along the coast to the King's Cave. On again to Loch Ranza, where the afternoon is spent boating, bathing, putting, or rambling. An excursion that can be done from here is to the Faery Glen. After tea, the final part of the journey is made back to the house. That is the excursion in outline. Now read further and find out what the excursion holds in store for you. It will not be necessary to describe in detail the entire journey, because parts of the road have come within the scope of previous rambles. From Brodick right round to Drumadoon the road is not new although well worth a second (and many more) visit. The object of this chapter, therefore, will be to describe the way from beyond Drumadoon to Brodick by way of Loch Ranza. The west coast of Arran is not so interesting as the east. Across the Kilbrannan Sound, which divides the island from Kintyre, the hills are not so impressive, nor is the distant panorama to be compared with that from the east. Kilbrannan Sound, however, should hold your interest, as this is the centre of the famed Loch Fyne herring

fishery. During the day you see the fishing boats in their harbour along the coast, and as evening draws on they creep out to their work. Gone are the days of the sailing vessels. All are driven by petrol engines. The boats work in pairs, either boat holding an end of the net. At first spread out, the boats gradually close in on one another until they meet, when the net is drawn in and the catch sorted out. Next comes the sale of the fish. The attention of a steam drifter is attracted by a light which is hoisted to the masthead of the fishing vessel. Along comes the larger ship, the fish are transferred, a bargain struck, and the money paid over on the spot, and the fishing boats, if time permits, prepare for another catch. When, in the very early hours of the morning, these boats return home, the steam drifters (owned by fish dealers) head for Fairlie on the mainland of Ayrshire, where the boxes of fish are entrained for Glasgow and the markets. Wherever shoals of herring are, there you will see the gannets flying about gorging themselves on this harvest of the sea. These birds fly at a low altitude but with great speed, and suddenly they stop in their flight and drop like a stone into the water, coming up again with a fish. It is a sight I never tire of, and the amazing speed and dexterity with which they make their catch will always be a source of wonder to me.

After lunching at Drumadoon you will continue your journey over the moorland to Machrie Bay and the junction of the String road. There is a tale of the fairies of Machrie Moor. They were in the habit of meeting at Durra-na-each, near Shisken, and for amusement threw pebbles among the trees of the forest, the rule being that

the stones be thrown from between the fingers and thumb. The years have gone by, but still those stones lie there on the moor where a tradition of Fingal still lingers. One of these stones is known as Fingal's Cauldron Seat —Suidhe Choir Fhioin—and was believed to contain a fairy or brownie who could only be propitiated by the pouring of milk through the hole in the side of the stone. This hole, which is sufficiently large to admit the two fingers, runs perpendicularly through the side of the column. Tradition states that to this stone Fingal was wont to tie his favourite dog, Bran.

> "Before the leash was prepared for him
> Bran, though but a whelp,
> Killed a deer more than each of the rest."

Before reaching Machrie post office, the road crosses the Machrie burn, a considerable stream descending from Glen Ture and falling into the bay to the north of the King's Cave. This river flows through a rocky channel, which, in one part, has worn through a rock, and left so contracted a gap at the top as to form a very easy step across. "Yet not long ago," Pennant tells us, "a poor woman in the attempt, after getting one foot over, was struck with such horror of the tremendous torrent beneath that she remained for some hours in that attitude not daring to bring her other foot over, till some kind passenger luckily came by and assisted her out of her distress."

Beyond Machrie the road hugs the rock-bound shore to Dougrie shooting lodge, where you obtain a view of the heights up Glen Iorsa. This glen holds good tramping possibilities. You could motor over the String road to

Machrie and then walk to Dougrie. From this point you would follow the Iorsa Water to Loch Iorsa and on to the second tributary on the right, which should be followed up to Loch Nuis. Here you are on the slopes of Ben Nuis. Make this your objective and then follow the Garbh Allt to Brodick, from which place you could motor home. Making your way up Glen Iorsa you should have no difficulty in finding your way to Brodick. Follow up the long, sloping east wall of the glen, and when you reach a commanding height looking down on Brodick map out your route accordingly. If you care to follow the first stream on the left beyond Loch Iorsa, you will climb up the slopes of Sail Chalmadale and come to Loch Tanna. By climbing up and over the heights at the north end of the loch you will come into the steep and wild Glen Catacol, and so to the clachan of Catacol on the coast road near Loch Ranza.

To continue the motor journey. From Dougrie we go through the woods and past Imachar Point, where the palm trees grow, and so to Pirnmill, the last port of call for the Campbeltown boats before crossing to Kintyre. There is no pier at Pirnmill, and the boats that call heave-to in deep water while passengers and goods are conveyed to and from the shore in a large rowing boat. When the weather is stormy this operation can be far from pleasant.

Beyond Pirnmill the road sweeps round to Catacol Bay, where a fine view is obtained from the wooded, winding switchback road. The deep indentation of Catacol Bay curves in to the entrance to the Glen, which is guarded by a row of neat whitewashed cottages (the Twelve Apostles). The serene blue of the waters reflect

the glaring whiteness of the cottages, which appear to assume alarming bulges and distortions should the water become agitated.

In McArthur's "Antiquities of Arran," we read that a cairn stood by the shore known as Aran—Slaughter of Fion gal. Raised to commemorate the defeat of Manos, King of Sweden, the tradition states that after being defeated Manos was disarmed and bound by Fingal, but was released after promising to return to Sweden, but the promise was not kept and Manos returned again, this time to be killed in battle.

> "So were the mighty overturned
> As they fell under our feet in battle.
> Manos, leader of the host, has fallen
> Like a fiery meteor in the forth of currents."

Many years ago the stones of the cairn were removed to provide road metal.

And now we come to Loch Ranza, where we spend the afternoon.

It would not be fair to compare any one part of the island with another, as each holds its own charm. Who would presume to compare Brodick Bay, and, likewise, who would want to make comparisons where Loch Ranza is concerned? This "loch of Arran's isle" penetrates to the doorstep of the mountains, where the road climbs steeply up Glen Chalmadale.

> "—A sea loch's inmost bend
> Is narrowing to its end."

Keeping a watchful eye over loch and mountain, the old castle of Loch Ranza stands desolate by the water's

edge. Nearby the fishing boats find anchorage, but not always a haven, for the storm can lash in fury in this seemingly land-locked bay, yet

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air humbly
> and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses."

This ruin, once a royal residence, was apparently habitable 160 years ago. First mentioned by Fordun in 1400, it was occupied by Ronald MacAllister in 1445 for a rent of £16 6s. 8d., and twelve balls of bear. The castle and lands were later given by James II. to Alexander, Lord Montgomery, whose grandson was created Earl of Eglinton. In 1685, the property passed to the Montgomeries of Skelmorlie and eventually into the lands of the Hamiltons. In the description of Loch Ranza, Pennant says, "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front about a mile deep having a ruined castle near the lower end. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar aloft." Lord Teignmouth, speaking of the loch's winter aspect, said —"In point of gloomy grandeur no British bay excels Loch Ranza." Then we read in the "Lord of the Isles" Scott's impression—

> "The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
> Ben Ghoil, the 'mountain of the wind,'
> Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind
> and bade Loch Ranza smile."

Within this glen Bruce's sister lived a lonely life at the convent of St. Bride's. No trace of the chapel now remains.

After exploring Loch Ranza, you will continue the last part of your motor excursion up the steep and wild Glen Chalmadale and over the watershed to Corrie and the east coast. This is the route followed by Bruce and his men after landing on the island ; this is the way the old priest came when he delivered the message to Bruce on the eve of sailing for Carrick.

> " His cowl the good old priest did on,
> Took his piked staff and sandall'd shoon
> And, like a palmer bent by eld,
> O'er moss and moor his journey held.
>
> Heavy and dull the foot of age
> And rugged was the pilgrimage."

The road is far better to-day, but all else is unchanged. Wild the aspect and mighty to a degree when the summit of the road and the watershed into North Glen Sannox are reached. The jagged peaks are seen now from a new angle and lose nothing by it.

Passing over the Witches' Brig, where an old witch is said to have disappeared (in the good old days), the road follows on into North Glen Sannox, down which the view is exceptionally fine. So once more to Sannox Bay and old familiar places. On through Corrie and by the shore, where action of the sea through ages has worn caves in the cliff side. Then the wide, sweeping bay of Brodick comes into view, and, finally, we top the rise to look down on our holiday abode of Lamlash.

Many and varied have been the views to-day. At the south end of the island wide vistas of sun-kissed ocean spreading away to a hazy horizon held our enraptured vision. Then the loneliness of the Machrie

Moor and the rural calm and shady woods of the east coast run. Quaint Catacol, a row of white-washed cottages, and so to the citadel of the north end of the island—Loch Ranza. Glen Chalmadale introduced us to the mighty mountains that were all amongst us at Sannox, and then, finally, we had the mingling of mountain, moor and sea as we drove for home.

"So comes the evening,
Far remote and retired from the noise of town
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown.
My friends shall be few
But well chosen and true;
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown."

APPENDIX I.

BOOKS

THE LORD OF THE ISLES. By Sir Walter Scott.

THE BOOK OF ARRAN. Two vols. Issued by the Arran Society.

ARRAN OF THE BENS, THE GLENS AND THE BRAVE. By Mackenzie MacBride, F.S.A. (Scot.); with illustrations in colour by J. Lawton Wingate, F.S.A. (T. N. Foulis, London and Edinburgh, 1911; 7/6.)

THE EAST OF ARRAN. By A. Boyd Scott, M.C., B.D.; illustrated by David Heylan Rudd. (A. Gardiner, Paisley, 1919.)

THE MCBRIDES: A ROMANCE OF ARRAN. By John Sillars. (Wm. Blackwood, 2/-)

GEOLOGY OF ARRAN AND CLYDESDALE. By James Bryce, M.A., LL.D. (Thomas Murray & Sons, Glasgow; 1865.)

ARRAN. By The Landsboroughs, Father and Son. (Arthur Guthrie, Ardrossan; 1875.)

THE ANTIQUITIES OF ARRAN. By John McArthur; illustrated by James Napier, jun. (Thomas Murray & Son; 1861.)

OUR WESTERN HILLS. By "A Glasgow Pedestrian." (Morison Brothers; 1892.)

SCOTTISH WESTERN HOLIDAY HAUNTS. By T. C. F. Brotchie, F.S.A. (Scot.). (John Menzies & Co., Ltd.; 1911.)

DAYS AT THE COAST. By Hugh Macdonald. (C. L. Wright, Glasgow; 1878.)

POLLOCK'S DICTIONARY OF THE CLYDE. (John Menzies & Co., Ltd., Glasgow; 1888.)

AUTUMNAL RAMBLES AMONG THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS. By the Rev. T. Grierson, M.A., Minister of Kirkbean. (James Hogg, Edinburgh; 1851.)

PLACES OF INTEREST IN ARRAN. By Rev. R. Lawson. (4d.)

THE ISLE OF ARRAN AND HOW TO SEE IT. By Rev. David Landsborough, D.D. (1/-.)

ORDNANCE SURVEY MAP OF ARRAN. 1 inch to 1 mile. (Cloth 3/- paper 2/-.)

THE STORY OF ARRAN. By G. Eyre Todd. (1/-)

THE ISLE OF ARRAN. Illustrated. (2/6.)

BUCHANAN'S TOURS ROUND ARRAN. (Robert Anderson, Glasgow; 1883.)

THE ISLE OF ARRAN. By Rev. James Headrick. (Constable, Edinburgh; 1807.)

FOUR VIEWS OF ARRAN. By James Ferguson. (J. Menzies Edinburgh; 1842.)

APPENDIX II.

PLACE NAMES

THE meaning of the different place names as given here have been gleaned from the various books (and there are many) dealing with and touching on Arran. Not all the definitions are alike, in which case the two, or three, as the case may be, will be quoted. To go into the matter thoroughly would require a book to itself, and, in consequence, only the barest information can be given.

It is appropriate that such a list of place names should begin with Arran itself. Many are the suggestions:

KIDNEY ISLAND—From the Gaelic "Ara," genitive "Aran" a kidney, on account of the shape of the island.

Dr. Cameron, of Brodick, an authority, says this is probably the meaning, and Johnston, in his "Place Names of Scotland," supports this; but Currie, in his "Place Names of Arran," says such a meaning is difficult to sustain.

ISLAND OF MOUNTAINS, derived from "Arr-Inn." (Pennant's definition).

The following are definitions quoted from Currie's "Place Names of Scotland":—

BREAD ISLAND, from Gaelic "Aran"—bread.
FIELD OF FINGAL, from "Ar Fhionn."
LAND OF POINTS, Gaelic "Ar"—land, "Rinn"—points.
LOFTY ISLAND, from "Arainn."
SKY ISLAND, from "Athar Innis."
STAG ISLAND, from "Arr"—a stag, and "Innis"—an island.

This last definition is favoured by Currie, and in

the writer's own opinion would seem to be feasible. Arran has long been a mountain deer park.

The Norsemen called Arran "Hersey," which also means "Stag Island."

ALTACHORVIE—Burn of the Corrie.
The House by the Burn.

LAMLASH—Formerly the name of the Holy Isle and a corruption of the Gaelic name meaning the island of St. Molios. Later the name would be shortened to Lanmolas and so to Lamlash. Johnston says—"Formerly simply Molas; Gaelic 'Lann Lais'—Church of St. Las; commonly used in the endearing form Molas or Molios or Molaise." Currie's definition—Eilean Molaisi, Gaelic. This was corrupted into Lan Molaise and, eventually, to Lamlash.

URIE LOCH—Loch of the Brown Water.
—Loch of the Yew Trees.

MONAMORE—The Great Moor.

GLEN KILL—Glen of the Kiln.

DUN FIONN—Fingal's Fort.
The Fair Fort.

CLAUCHLANDS—Stoney Land.

BEN LISTER—Hill of the Vessel.
The Arrow Glen.
Penny Land of Alister.

GARBH ALLT—The Rough Burn.

BEINN A CHLIABHAIN—Hill of the Little Cradle.

GLEN SHURRIG—Glen of the Colts.
The Shivering Glen.

GLEN SHANT—The Sacred Glen.
The Glen of Storms.

BLAIRMORE—The Great Field.

KILBRIDE—The Cell of St. Bridget.

CREAG NA FITEACH—Rock of the Ravens.

GLEN ORMIDALE—Glen of the Snake river.

À CHIR—The Comb.

GOATFELL—The Hill of Goats.
The Hill of Winds.

BEINN À CHASTEIL—Castle Hill.

CIR MHÒR—The Great Comb.

CAISTEAL ABHAIL—The Forked Castle.
The Castle of Death.
The Ptarmigans' Castle.

SUIDHE FHEARGHUS—The Seat of Fergus, son of Fingal.

COCK OF ARRAN—When viewed from the sea these rocks give the impression of a cock, but the resemblance is not so marked since the head was knocked off.

GLEN CHALMERDALE—The Glen of St. Colman.
The Glen of the Reeds and Rushes.

LOCH RANZA—The Loch of the Rowan Tree River.
The Loch of the Safe Anchorage.
The Loch of Arran's Isle.

CATACOL—The Rift of the Wild Cat.
The Vestibule of the Two Nooks.

ARD BHEINN—The Mountain with a Gap.

BEN BHREAC—The Freckled Mountain.

GLEN ROSA—Glen of the Horse River.
The Ferry Glen.
The Red Glen.

THE SHEEANS—Faery Seats.

STRATHWHILLAN—Holm of the Holly.

CORRIEGILLS—A Cauldron or Hollow.
Dell of the Stranger.

BRODICK—The Broad Bay.

GLEN SANNOX—Glen of the Sandy Bay.
Glen of the River Trout.

CORDON—The Little Weir.

GORTONALISTER—Alexander's Cornfield.

BEINN TARSUINN—The Traverse Mountain.

BENNICARRIGAN—The Rocky Hill.

CEUM NA CAILLIACH—The Carlin's Step.

CIOCH NA H-OIGHE—The Maiden's Paps.

DIPPEN—The Twopenny Glen.

DOUGRIE—The Black Rocks or Weir.

DRUMADOON—The Ridge of the Fortified Hill.

GLEN IORSA—The Retired Glen.

PLADDA—The Flat Island.

SHISKEN—Fertility or Moorish Ground.

SLIDDERY—The Sluggish Water.

TORR NEAD ON EORN—The Hill of Birds' Nests.

SAIL CHALMERDALE—The Heel of St. Colman.

Beinn Nuis—The Hill of the Fawns.
Loch nam Faorleag—Loch of the Sea Gulls.
Cnoc na Fola—The Meadow of Blood.
Allt a Chruiteir—Glen of the Harper.
Allt na Dris—The Blackberry Glen.
Cnocan an Tubha—The Raspberry Hill.
Tormore—The Great Bleaching Green.
Cnoc na Dail—The Hill of the Beetles.
Shedog—The Windy Place.
Druimighhinar—The Ridge of the Gluttons.
Allt Gille Ghagaith—The Burn of the Stuttering Lad.
Bealach Gaothar—The Windy Gap.
Sliabh Meuron—Faery Thimble Moor.
Cnoc Nan Cam Hairlie—Consultation Hill.
Kiscadale—Coffin Dale.
King's Cross or Pennycroce—Crossing of the King.
Coire nan Larach—The Hollow of the Mares.
Sail an Im—The Hill of the Butter.
Corloch—Loch of the Cranes.
Allt nam Broighleag—The Bilberry Glen.
Narachan—The Place of Snakes.
Glen Eazan Bhiarach—The Glen of the Little Waterfall of the Heifer.
Madadh Lounie—The Wolf's Lair.
Allt na Colman—The Glen of the Pigeon.
Miall nan Daimh—The Stag Hill.
Allt Madadh Dhuinn—The Otter Glen.
Cnoc Breac Gamhainn—The Hill of the Spotted Calf.
Cnoc nan Sgitheach—The Hill of Thorns.

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APPENDIX III.

PRONUNCIATIONS

A'Chir Ceims	Two names of same ridge	A'Cheer. Kyims.
Cir Vhor..		Keer Vōr.
Caisteol Abhail		Casteel Aval, or Cash-tale-Avail.
Altachorvie		Alta-horvie.
Glen Iorsa		Glen Ee-arsa.
Colintraive		Colontrive.
Tighnabruaich		Tinna-bruach.
Ard Bheinn		Ard Bane.
Beinn Bharrain..		Bane Varrain.
Beinn Nuis		Bane Noosh.
Ceann Reamhar		Kyan Ravar.
Ceum-na-Cailliach		Kame-na-Kâêly-âch
Cioch na h-Oighe		Kich-na-hoy.
Coire Shruan		Corrā-Rhuan.
Glen ant Shuidhe		Glen-an-Tui.
Suidhe Fhearghas		Sui Ferghas.
Beinn Tarsuinn..		Bane Tarsheen.

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